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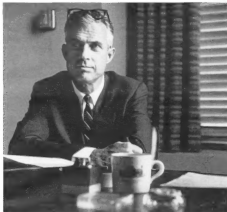
THE SUPERBOWL BATTLE looks as a fitting end to an exciting pro football season. Tex Maule and Edwin Shenko sway the Packers and Raiders and offer their victory predictions.

ARISE, HERO! Ron Delany begins a three-part memoir of his extraordinary racing career, from his 35 straight indoor mile victories to his Olympic triumph at Melbourne.

THE SOUTH PACIFIC is the new American vacation frontier. Colin Flaherty reports on exotic Bora-Bora, while a bevy of Tahitian beauties model the latest Gernreich swimwear.



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# SCORECARD

## SWIMMING AN AX

The ridiculous and recurring conflict between the Department of Agriculture, which administers the Forest Service, and the Department of the Interior, which governs the national parks, never has been more evident than in the dispute over Mineral King Valley in the Sierra Nevada. By historical quirk the valley, one of the most beautiful in the West, is not in the Sequoia National Park, which borders it on three sides, but in the Sequoia National Forest. The Department of Agriculture sought to convert Mineral King into a \$35-million year-round resort, which would be constructed by Walt Disney Productions, and to build an eight-mile access road through the national park. For the past year an argument has raged over the advisability of such a plan.

The dispute was never one of simple black and white. On the positive side, the resort would offer an outlet for Californians seeking wholesome recreation—skiers would have access to superb slopes, and summer visitors would be able to hike, pack trip or ride the lifts to see the views. And the Department of Agriculture would receive half a million dollars in revenue each year from the Disney company.

On the debit side, another sliver of American wilderness would disappear, and part of a national park would be paved over. Those opposed feared the project would be soaked too large for the valley and would introduce, for instance, air- and water-pollution problems.

Last week, upon getting absolute assurance from Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman that the Disney resort "will be a model project that will be copied, not criticized," Interior Secretary Stewart Udall decided to go along. A Forest Service official says strict controls will make certain that the resort "very definitely will not have a honky-tonk atmosphere."

There is no reason why Americans cannot use the resources of their land,

but continual tug-of-war on such issues settle nothing. What the country needs, as we have said before (SI, Dec. 11), is a National Council of Ecological Advisers, a reasonable, concerned group of men who can study a proposition and make wise—and authoritative—recommendations.

## IT RUNG IN THE FAMILY

We received word the other day that Private John Wooden Legs of Larne Deer, Mont., had posted the highest score ever recorded in basic training combat-proficiency tests in Company E, 4th Battalion, 3rd Brigade at Fort Lewis, Wash. He ran the mile in 5:34 in full combat uniform and boots. The letter noted that running was nothing new to the Wooden Legs family, who are Northern Cheyenne Indians. Great-grandfather Richard Wooden Legs, the first to bear the name, was given it because he could walk great distances. He also apparently could fight, being on the winning side in the Battle of Little Bighorn against General Custer. Just coincidentally, Lieut. Colonel George Armstrong Custer, a great-grand-nephew of the General Custer, commands a battalion at Fort Lewis. Private Wooden Legs has never met him.

## MATCH POINT

When Australia overwhelmed Spain last week 4-1 in the Davis Cup Challenge Round in Brisbane, there were so few people in the grandstands it looked like a tea party in the outback. The best single-day attendance was 6,590. Tennis officials recalled the days back in the '50s when the cup would draw 25,000 people on an afternoon, but they now would have a hard time giving away that many seats. Like everyone else, the Australian tennis fan has become disenchanted. A representative of a sporting goods company said, "Our tennis sales are off 40%. When people aren't interested enough in a sport to go out and watch it they don't play it either. We

need open tennis badly, including open Davis Cup play."

Australia votes next month on whether or not to allow its amateurs to play in an open Wimbledon. New South Wales, one of the six states within the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, has already voted yes. If three other states do so, Wimbledon wins.

Vehemently opposed to any change is the 300-pound president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, Charles Edwards. Edwards has proved to be a formidable barrier, and not just because of his size. "What we need over here," he says, "are the Yanks. They will fill the stands for us just like they did in 1958. People know it will be a real good fight when the Yanks are playing, so they turn out to watch. They're bored with easy matches, like Spain. Why should Wimbledon introduce open tennis when their tournament is an automatic sellout? The only time to change is when you're in trouble."

Well, Mr. Edwards, we Yanks are in trouble. And it sounds to us like you are, too.

## ON THE BEACH

There is a man in Miami who has a jag filled with 300 sets of false teeth, the majority of which have been found along the shore at Miami Beach in the past year and a half. Matthew Comito, an



instructor in dental technology, adds around two dozen sets of teeth to his collection each month. On a holiday weekend, he says, as many as five or six dentures are washed ashore. He believes some are lost overboard by members of fishing parties; others are jarred loose from swimmers' mouths by waves. Most



of Comito's dentures probably were lost in the Keys and carried north by the surf. Oras lost off Miami, he says, should turn up in Fort Lauderdale or West Palm Beach. Although Comito would like to return the false teeth to their owners and has even gone so far as to hold a public showing of them, he has never been able to match man and molar. He suggests that people investing in dentures have their names or perhaps their social security numbers engraved on the plates.

#### SUNDAY SERVICE

On a recent Sunday morning in a Milwaukee hotel room Bart Sturt, Carroll Dale and various other Green Bay Packers gathered for church services with a new NFL personality, Dr. Ira Eshleman, a retired minister who calls himself the sports world's chaplain. Dr. Eshleman, who prefers the name "Doc," has been traveling the pro-football circuit all year. He decided on this self-appointed mission, he says, because "often visiting teams cannot get to church on the day of a game. I knew players like Don Sherrick and Raymond Berry of the Colts, Buddy Dial of the Cowboys and Bill Glass of the Browns had organized such chapel services for their teams. But I also knew that coaches worked hard to get their men in the right frame of mind for a game, and I wasn't sure they would let me speak to them just before they played." But the coaches do.

Doc has been accepted by people like Green Bay's Vince Lombardi and Detroit's Joe Schmidt. Schmidt, in fact, asked him to lead prayers of thanks in the Lion locker room after the team beat the Giants last month. Everyone knelt down and, the minister says, "when I had finished, I got a most unusual tribute—all the players applauded."

He conducts his services wearing a red Bombay blazer and white turtleneck. "I think it helps me to communicate with the players," he says. So far he has handed out more than 200 Bibles to those players and coaches who have asked for them. He receives no pay for his ministry and will have spent \$5,000 on travel and Bibles by the end of the season.

So popular is Doc that he cannot fill all the requests for his services. When the Packers first asked him to speak to them before the playoff game in Milwaukee he had to tell them that he would accommodate them, but only if the Colts,

*continued*

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### SCORECARD *continued*

to whom he had pledged himself on the same day, were not their foes. Maybe the Colts should have sought Doc's help the previous week, when they played Los Angeles.

### FOLLOWING THE LINE

The Loyola of Chicago-Colorado State basketball game received heavy play with bookmakers across the country. One widely circulated lost sheet featured the game as its Wednesday Night Special, and another, which sells each week for \$2, advised that Loyola "should be able to take this one on speed and shooting alone."

On Thursday newspapers and wire services were flooded with telephone calls from bettors trying to find the results. There were no results. The game was called off months ago and rescheduled for Jan. 6. Any bets?

### SET FOR A KILLING

Arlington Park, the Midwest's leading Thoroughbred track, has made a bid to hold half of its 1968 programs at night. Five weeks ago the track requested the change in programming, but the petition to the Illinois Racing Board was made surreptitiously. Arlington apparently hoping the board would approve its plan before opposition—primarily from harness-racing interests—could be mobilized. The board, which is traditionally compliant in dealing with the track's requests, was expected to hand down a favorable decision.

However, 24 hours before the board was to decide on the matter the Arlington proposal was leaked to the Chicago *San-Jones*, presumably so that the decision would not appear to be a behind-the-scenes deal. Opposition to the plan was immediate and so intense that the chairman of the Illinois Racing Board suggested it go into executive session to examine the matter and, quite possibly, to approve it. Attorneys for anti-Arlington groups declared secret sessions were against the state law; so the board retreated, and it will hold public hearings on the matter this Saturday.

The group that will suffer most if night Thoroughbred racing is approved will be the local harness tracks, which already race at night and have dates that overlap Arlington's. "We will not be able to compete," one harness official says. "Night Thoroughbred racing will mean less revenue and therefore less

pure money at our tracks. It would be the death knell of our business."

Harness racing has built itself into a major sport by catering to night crowds. Now Thoroughbred racetrack owners are eyeing the market they once scoffed at as nonexistent. William Miller, former chairman of the Illinois Racing Board, declared recently that "night Thoroughbred racing cannot be avoided for long in any state simply because that is the only avenue of survival."

Survival for whom?

### SAND OF ANOTHER COLOR

There was a report going around recently that the sand in the bunkers at next week's Crosby Pro-Am would be pastel-colored. Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, the sponsor of the telecast of the tournament, makes a pastel sand, and the company suggested that viewers might like to see more colorful explosion shots.

Del Monte Properties Co., the owner of the golf courses on which the Crosby is played, agreed to the idea, figuring that 3M would use a color spray on the existing sand. When Del Monte officials learned later that 3M would bring in tons of its own sand and would substitute it for that which is now in the traps, 3M was told to keep its trucks in St. Paul. It seems Del Monte is also in the sand business, and all that fine-grained Monterey stuff that glistens so white on TV is for sale.

### CHARITY CARES

In a recent issue of *The New York Times* these two brief items appeared, the one immediately following the other:

The Chicago Cubs won their last National League pennant in 1945.

DO NOT FORGET THE NEEDHEST

### THEY SAID IT

• John McKay, USC coach, asked about the extra work of a bowl game: "Any coach who says it's extra work going to the Rose Bowl ought to get out of coaching and become a fry cook."

• Pepper Rogers, Kansas football coach, claiming that pressure is most intense when it comes without warning: "I was third clarinet in the high school band, and I faked a lot. Then one night I had to sit in the first chair. That's my idea of pressure—trying to do something you're not qualified to do." **END**

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**Sports Illustrated**

JANUARY 3, 1993

# THE OLD PRO GOES IN FOR SIX

*On a frigid field and against an ice-hard Dallas Cowboy defense, Bart Starr (No. 15) climaxed a last-minute drive by clawing across for the touchdown that put Green Bay in the Super Bowl by TEX MAULE*

CONTINUED

In the gild confines of Lambeau Field, on the coldest New Year's Eve in the cold history of Green Bay, the Green Bay Packers won the right last Sunday to move south to Miami. There, on January 14, they will meet the Oakland Raiders, easy victors over the Houston Oilers (page 14), for the championship of all football.

Manhandled into something resembling a hot streak by Quarterback Bart Starr, the Packers shook off more than two quarters of almost total ineffectiveness and in the final frozen moments toiled 68 yards in four minutes and 37 seconds to score on the brave Dallas defenders. Thus, with only 13 seconds left to play, Green Bay won 21-17 to take the National Football League championship for the third straight year. No other team has been able to do that since the NFL was split into divisions.

Fuzzy Thurston, who has been around for six Green Bay titles, wiped tears from his eyes and beamed with a bright red, frozen face. "This," he said, "was the hardest one of my six. And the best."

The Packers had started off as though the temperature of 13° below zero was as comfortable for them as the gentle breezes of Miami Beach. They scored the first time they got the ball, marching 82 yards in a typical, methodical drive that took 16 plays. Starr threw six passes, called eight running plays and was helped along by two penalties on the Cowboys, one for interference, the other for holding.

In the second quarter he called a play that has become a Starr trademark. Almost everyone in pro football is aware that when the Packers have a third down and short yardage beyond their own 40-yard line, Starr is likely to go for broke. This time it was third and one on the Dallas 43. Starr faked Fullback Ben Wilson into the line, dropped back and lofted a long pass to Boyd Dowler, who had raced behind Dallas Safety Mel Renfro. For a moment it appeared that Dowler would not be able to reach the pass, but a brisk, 15-mile-an-hour wind hung the ball just long enough for him to pick it up on his fingertips.

The touchdown made the score 14-0; a year before, the Packers had jumped off to a similar 14-0 lead against the Cowboys, only to have Dallas come within two yards of catching up in the last minute and 52 seconds. But that game had been played on a good day. It seemed

unlikely that on this frightful one the Cowboys could recover from a no-touchdown deficit. But they did and, as it turned out, almost all of the rest of the game was to belong to them.

They got one touchdown back later in the second quarter when the very quick Dallas line, which punished Starr most of the afternoon—he was damped eight times while attempting to pass—threw him for a 19-yard loss. End Willie Townes hit Starr and forced a fumble; the other end, George Andrie, picked up the ball and scored with it.

"It wasn't the offensive line breaking down," Starr said after the game. "They did well enough. But the receivers couldn't make their cuts on the key field, and I couldn't find anyone to throw to. So I was holding the ball too long, and they got to me."

A little later the usually sure-handed Willie Wood dropped a punt on the Green Bay 17 and Phil Clark recovered for Dallas. Darryl Villanueva kicked a 21-yard field-goal just before the half, and the Cowboys, who had been unable to gain more than three first downs in the first half, nevertheless left the field trailing only 14-10.

Even so, it seemed improbable that Dallas could win the game. While Starr had been throwing well and the Packers' running had been adequate, the Cowboys had been almost helpless against the Green Bay defense. Dallas managed only 42 yards as Quarterback Don Meredith, his hands numbed by the cold, missed his receivers, even when they were in the clear.

"My hands grew colder with each drive," he said later. "When your hands are as cold as mine were, you can't wing the ball, and you have to wing it, you have to spin the ball in a wind like that."

But the second half was dramatically different. The Cowboys, having analyzed Green Bay's defense, changed a few blocking patterns to destroy the keys. Meredith, to give his passing hand a measure of warmth between plays, cut a hole in his jersey and tucked his hand in next to his belly. The defensive line continued to pressure Starr, and Dallas suddenly took charge.

The first time the Cowboys got the ball, Meredith moved them to the Green Bay 13. There, after a nine-yard run, he fumbled and Green Bay recovered. But on the next Packer series, hit with shock-



Dale's two catches led to first touchdowns.



Dowler beat Renfro to make the score 14-0.



Advancing, outstanding quarterback Starr (24) is tight to the blocker (65) and Cowboys head



Wood's fumble of punt led to Cowboy field goal. Dallas had scored earlier on a Starr fumble.



Reeves's pass to Renszel in North quarter put the Cowboys ahead and Green Bay on the spot.

ing force by Lee Roy Jordan, Starr lost 16 yards on one play while attempting to pass and the Cowboys came right back. This time Villaverde missed a field goal from the 47-yard line to end the drive.

Again the Dallas defense anchored Green Bay, which seemed to grow more helpless as the game went on. The Cowboys took over on their own 45 after a short punt. On second down Meredith handed off to Dan Reeves, who was a quarterback at South Carolina during his undergraduate days, and Reeves swept wide to his left. Dallas had had some success with this run during the third period.

"I was slow mentally on the play," Bob Jeter, the Green Bay right cornerback, said after the game. "We know all about Reeves's option pass. They've used it a lot. Usually Willie Wood will tell me that he's going to take Lance Renszel deep, or I'll tell him that I'll take him, but this time we didn't say anything. Willie moved up to meet the run and I took a step up and when I saw him cock his arm, I said to myself, 'Oh, my Lord, what have I done?' I tried to get back, but when I saw the ball in the air, I knew it was all over."

The pass play, from Reeves to Renszel, carried 50 yards and put Dallas ahead for the first time, 17-14. It came on the first play of the fourth period, and although the Packers still had plenty of time, with Dallas dominating the game Green Bay's chances of winning seemed as remote now as Dallas's had earlier.

The next two times the Packers got the ball, they gained a total of only 21 yards, with 14 of those coming on an interference penalty. So, when Dallas had to punt with five minutes left to play and the Packers gained possession on their own 31 with 4:30 to go, most of the frozen crowd of more than 50,000 had almost decided to go home, warm up, and drown their sorrows with a sad New Year's Eve celebration.

"We went out for the huddle," Starr said, "and decided that if we were going to do it, it had to be now." Jerry Kramer, who had labored mightily blocking on Dallas's Jethro Pugh, said, "For the first time I had doubts. I thought, well, maybe the time has come for us to lose. But I had a second thought immediately. I thought that if we went, we'd go swinging."

For the next 4½ minutes the Packers barrowed deep into that reservoir of

continued

experience and determination that has accumulated in their unequalled three-year reign as champions of the world. The Cowboys had been double-covering the two Packer wide receivers—Dowler and Carroll Dale—so Starr could not go to them. Instead, he threw a short pass to Denny Anderson to open the series. Then Chuck Mercein (see over) skittered outside right end for seven more yards behind a strong block on Linebacker Chuck Howley.

To remind the Dallas defense that he had not forgotten his wide receivers, Starr hit Dowler over the middle with a 13-yard pass for a first down. Anderson lost nine yards on what was meant to be an option pass, but Starr came right back and tossed him a dinky pass over the head of an crashing lineman, and Anderson, maneuvering well on the icy turf, gained 12.

"I just chucked the ball to him when I couldn't find my primary receiver open," Starr explained later. "He did the rest by himself. Same thing was true on the next pass. He was the outlet receiver, the guy you go to when you can't go to anyone else." This time the pass to Anderson gained nine yards and a first down on the Dallas 30-yard line. There were two minutes left to play.

For the fourth time in this drive, Starr threw to a back, but now it was Mercein, the fullback Lombardi acquired late in the season when injuries depleted his corps of runners. Mercein had been a New York Giant and Washington Redskins reject, but on this cold, cold day, he contributed a large share to the Green Bay victory. He took Starr's short pass, eluded one tackle, and ran 19 yards, going out of bounds on the Dallas 11.

"This one wasn't a dump pass or an outlet," Starr said. "On this play Mercein is not the primary receiver. But if the linebacker doesn't pick him up immediately when he comes out into his pattern, then I hit him. I saw the linebacker freeze this time, so I hit Chuck quick. He made the rest of it on his own."

From the 11 Starr produced one of the daring calls that make him a great quarterback. It was what some clubs, fittingly, call a sucker play. Gale Gillingham, the young guard who all afternoon had had his hands more than full trying to block All-Pro Defensive Tackle Bob Lilly, pulled out and pulled to his right. Lilly, reading a run to the right, went with him, and Starr handed the ball to Mercein. Mercein shot through the hole left by Gillingham and by the trailing Lilly and struggled to

the Dallas three. On the next play Anderson got a first down on the Dallas one.

From the one Starr twice called on Anderson, and both times Anderson was stopped for no gain. After each play, Starr called for time-out. The second time he trotted over to confer with Lombardi. This was Green Bay's last time-out. There were 20 seconds and possibly two downs remaining. A field goal was a near certainty and would have put the game into a sudden-death overtime; a pass would win if completed; it would stop the clock and leave time for another play if not. Lombardi, who has unbounded faith in Starr, elected to gamble with his quarterback. ("I was thinking of the fans," he said later, facetiously. "I couldn't stand to think of them sitting in those cold stands for an overtime period.")

Anderson had slipped taking off on both of his jobs at the line. The field, now in the shadow of the stands, was fast becoming an ice-over pond. "I knew Denny wasn't getting any footing," Starr said after the game. "He almost fell down before I could get the ball to him the second time he carried. I figured I wouldn't have as far to run and I wouldn't have as much chance to fumble, so I called the wedge to Kramer's

## ANOTHER OLD PRO KICKS FOR SIXTEEN

by EDWIN SHRAKE

For years the Oakland Raiders bounced from one stadium to another, playing all but unnoticed in the shade of that other professional football team from the town across the Bay. But last week, now firmly settled in their own fine new home, the Raiders finally got what they had been seeking during those darker times—their first American Football League championship. After waiting so long, the Raiders turned the event into an almost casual rout. They beat the Houston Oilers 40-7 and left the impression they could have easily doubled the score if they had not been looking forward to their showdown Super

Bowl match with the Green Bay Packers.

All week the Oakland players wore the look of men who had a rather simple but tedious job to perform. "Compared to the way it was when I was with Houston for other championship games, the attitude here is very calm," said George Blanda, the 40-year-old former Houston quarterback who this year became the Oakland kicker and who, on Sunday afternoon, booted four field goals and four conversions for 16 points. "We're going to win this game," said Oakland Defensive Tackle Tom Keating. "If I said anything else, I'd be a liar."

Two days before the game Raider Quarterback Daryle Lamonica had already plotted the affair on pieces of paper. Lamonica likes to sketch out different situations, draw his solutions and then talk them over with his roommate, Cotton Davidson, a Raider quarterback who was injured this season but stayed with the club to work with Lamonica. "I have the whole thing well organized in my mind," Lamonica said. "I know what I'm going to do. Of course, I'll have to wait and see what Houston will give me. Nobody has scored deep on the Oilers, but I'll go in looking to see what we have that will work on them."



side." Kramer never was having much better luck blocking Pugh than Gillingham had had with Lilly.

"When he called the play, I knew he would be following me," Kramer explained. "I had been having a hell of a time trying to get footing to drive off and block. I searched around with both feet when I got down and I finally found a little soft spot with my right foot. I got off real good with the ball. Pugh was playing on my inside shoulder—to my left—and I took my best shot at him. That may have been the biggest block I ever made in my life."

The block moved Pugh in and back. Starr came hard behind him and slid into the end zone, and suddenly, for 50,000 people, spring came.

The temperature probably will be 100° higher January 14 when Green Bay meets Oakland in Miami's Saper Orange Bowl. But, thawing out in the dressing room, Bob Skoronski, the big tackle whose face was marked and bloody, expressed a sentiment held by most of his teammates.

"This game," he said wearily, "was our mark of distinction."

A distinction so painfully won on the tundra of Green Bay will not melt easily under the warm Florida sun.



Masked, hooded and bundled, the unrepentful faithful to Green Bay remained true and...uh, huh.

Sunday. Then we'll adjust accordingly."

Like his opposite, Houston Quarterback Pete Beathard, Lamonica was involved in last year's AFL championship game between Kansas City and Buffalo. Lamonica was the substitute for Buffalo's Jack Kemp, and Beathard played behind Kansas City's Len Dawson. But this was the first title game for both as starters, and Lamonica had progressed so rapidly as a No. 1 quarterback that he had been named the AFL's Player of the Year.

"When I was traded to Oakland I was an outsider," Lamonica said. "I had to earn respect for myself. These old pros like Center Jim Otto and Guard Wayne Hawkins helped me a lot. If I would call a formation we didn't have, they'd know what I wanted and would line up in the right formation. By the time I got over the ball, it would dawn on me. Early in the season I had to stay with basic football, because I couldn't

read the blitzes very well. Now my play selection is broader, not so conservative. Cotton Davidson keeps talking to me, keeps me from making big mistakes."

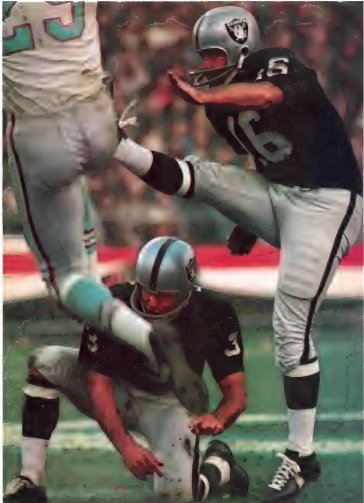
The Houston defense presented a problem to Lamonica in the team's one regular-season meeting this year. Oakland won 19-7 on four field goals by Blanda, but Lamonica did not throw a touchdown pass. "That wasn't the same Houston team we had played in the exhibition season," Lamonica said. "We didn't know what to expect. Now we've seen films of them, and we have a better idea. We're as well prepared as any team in football. Nobody can do anything to us we're not prepared for. The only way we can lose is to beat ourselves. Credit John Rauch—our coach—for that."

The Houston offense had led the league in rushing, but the Raiders viewed it as a fairly straightforward and unsophisticated attack that could be

stopped by pure force. "If we can shut off the Houston running game and make the Oilers throw the ball, we can make them do something they don't want to do," said Keating. "It's better to play a team like that than one that has a great throwing arm. If Beathard doesn't see a receiver right away and doesn't dump the ball to his tight end coming across, or to his fullback, he starts running around looking. But what we have to do is stop Hoyle Granger. He's the best fullback I've played against. Jim Nance of Boston made many yards this year, but he can't move laterally as well as Granger and can't catch the ball. Granger slides and picks his holes. By shutting him off, we can shut off the Oilers."

Oiler Coach Wally Lamm, handicapped by a lack of quality pass receivers, concentrated on the running game this season, and Houston surprised the AFL by running its way to the Eastern Division championship. "I've always

—continued—



been a believer in establishing a running game," Loren said. "If all you do is throw, all you'll get is a pass rush. There are a lot of teams that play as we do. It's not a matter of how many times you throw, just how many yards you gain. If you have the ball, the other team can't score."

However, the Oilers considered the probability that the Oakland defense, known locally as the Eleven Angry Men, would lead up to cut off Granger and Halfback Woodie Campbell. That left a great amount of responsibility on Bearhead, who joined the club at midseason. For the Oilers offense to move, Bearhead would have to throw accurately. The Houston receivers would have to quit dropping the ball and Bearhead, an excellent punter, would have to scramble for a few important gains. "So we'll just keep Bearhead in the pocket," said the Raiders' huge, mustachioed defensive end, Ben Davidson.

On a cool gray afternoon before a crowd of 33,330—an AFL championship-game record, Lamonica opened the Oakland attack with running plays aimed at the Houston middle and left side and tested both Oiler cornerbacks with sideline pass patterns. The first time the Oilers got the ball, they controlled it for 11 plays, with Granger losing two yards on four carries but with Bearhead hitting five of six passes. The Oilers looked as if they might drive for a touchdown and spoil Oakland's Super Bowl plans before the team ever got out of town. Then Raider linebacker Dan Connors stole a pass from Houston Tight End Alvin Reed, and the Oilers' mild hopes began to die. Blanda kicked his first field goal—from 37 yards out—to put Oakland ahead 3-0 at the end of the first quarter.

By then Lamonica had found out what he wanted to know. The left side of the Houston defense—cornerback Miller Fane, rookie linebacker George Webster and End Pat Holmes—was difficult to crack. Last year the Oilers gave up 25 touchdowns at their left cornerback position, but this season newcomer Fane had chopped that number down to one. But the right side was a different matter. On the first play of the second quarter Oakland Fullback Howard Doren

(see cover) went around left end on a sweep, got a clearing block from rookie Guard Gene Upshaw and roared 69 yards for a touchdown. Lamonica kept hitting to his own left. The Raiders sent 12 running plays to that side in the second quarter and gained 131 yards, but it took a fake field goal and a 17-yard pass from Lamonica to Dave Krocenick to get Oakland a 17-0 half-time lead.

"We blew it, that's all," said Loren. "Our error on that fake field goal was just as important as our fumble on the second-half kickoff."

The fumble occurred when Houston's swift Zeke Moore, racing laterally across the field and looking for running room, dropped the ball after being tackled on the 30, and Oakland's Ker Henick recovered. Seven plays later Lamonica carried over from the one on a quarterback sneak—just as Starr had done against Dallas.

At this point Houston tightened up its defense against the Raider rushing game, but by now Blanda simply could not miss. He kicked another field goal from the 40 to put Oakland ahead 27-0. Then in the fourth quarter he kicked two more, one from the 42 and the last from the 36. And to cap it all off, Lamonica threw a final 12-yard touchdown pass to Bill Miller.

In the meantime the Houston offense, as well as its defense, had almost disappeared. Just as Tom Keating had suggested, the Raiders were able to counter the Oilers' power running with their own overpowering force. Keating, Davidson, Dan Birdwell and Ike Lavarie—the Oakland front four—refused to budge; the linebackers kept the Oiler running attack inside and the best secondary in the league came up to help run. Over the season Granger had gained 1,194 yards rushing, second best in the league. On Sunday he was held to 19 yards in 14 carries.

With no running game, Bearhead had to scramble. He threw only one pass to his flanker, Ole Burnett, and that was incomplete. But he threw 18 times to Split End Charlie Frazier, who caught seven. After a disappointing season Frazier, Houston's fastest receiver, was the Oilers' only hope for quick touchdowns. He got one in this game on a five-yard

pass after a 34-yard interference penalty against Oakland, but usually he was covered closely by Oakland cornerback Willie Brown and could not get free.

With six minutes left, the Raiders were so comfortably situated that they put Blanda in at quarterback. "It's very sweet to win against people who let you go," Blanda said later in the Oakland locker room, where the Raiders dosed themselves with the traditional champagne shower. But the Raiders, who had earned \$6,000 apiece for their victory and could now look forward to a chance at \$15,000 more against Green Bay—were a little restrained even in their celebration, as though the victory party had been a foregone conclusion which, to them, it was.

Lamonica said Doren's long run and the following Oakland touchdown drive—which also was directed toward Houston's right side—were the deciding factors. "We discovered a weakness, and a quarterback has to hit the weakness as long as he can," he said. "Upshaw's blocking had a lot to do with our going to our left, but we were just executing well in that direction."

"Upshaw," said Doren, "is one beautiful player. On my run, he kicked out the corner and there was nothing in front of me for miles."

Lamonica admitted thoughts of playing in the Super Bowl had been lurking in his head even earlier in the week as he marked his diagrams and considered Oakland's defensive plan against Houston. "I wouldn't be human if I didn't think about going to the Super Bowl," he said. "I'm looking forward very much to playing Green Bay. I was drafted by the Packers when I got out of college, but I chose the AFL. I think I would rather play Green Bay than any other team."

"If we play like we played today, we can run on Green Bay or on anybody else," said Upshaw. "There's plenty of pressure in the Super Bowl, but if we keep calm it's going to be just like playing any team in any other game."

The Raiders may find that is not quite the case. But after eight years of trying, they have at last won an AFL championship, and they have a reason to feel heady.

END

# THE BVD BOYS SHOOT DOWN A HEX



Larry Moore of North Carolina shoots under the hoop for the MVP and Carolina the Classic.

*Obligated to practice in their underwear, North Carolina's favored Tar Heels captured the Far West Classic in Portland. The final victory was scored over Oregon State, which had won the title 10 of 11 times* **by JOE JARES**

Everybody should have known it was going to be an entertaining basketball tournament when the North Carolina Tar Heels arrived ahead of their equipment and had to work out one evening in their BVDs. Or the clue could have been spotted when Oregon Assistant Coach Frank Arnold jumped up and down so vigorously that he split the seat of his pants in the Ducks' first game. Or when Utah Coach Jack Gardner reached under the bench for his soothing bottle of milk, took a big swig and almost got ill because it had soured. (And wouldn't that have been embarrassing for the fellow who once beat out Elmer Taft Benson as the Milk Industry Foundation's man of the year?)

But recognized early or not it was an entertaining tournament in Portland, Oregon, last week. North Carolina, fifth-ranked in the nation, got proper uniforms in time and just did manage to win, and nowhere-rated Oregon State almost demonstrated again that more than tall trees can be opened in the wild Northwest. In fact, the athletic traffic advisory for some time has been to stay off the Oregon Trail. Not only is there poison oak amid the timber but the state has a history of being inhospitable to outside teams. One recent unhappy guest was USC, college football's No. 1 team when it came to visit Corvallis last fall and play twice-beaten Oregon State. The Trojans lost 3-0 on a muddy field ("muddy field" is almost a redundancy in Washington and Oregon) and had to beat UCLA later to get back their top ranking.

So now it is basketball season and, more specifically, tournament time. Time for The Classics. A classic is supposed to be a famous, traditional or typical event, like a tulip bulb festival in Holland, but the people who promote college basketball generally ignore dictionary definitions and are perfectly willing to use the word to describe such things as four Oklahoma bible colleges in a free-throw shooting contest. If an

event takes place during the Christmas-New Year holidays and if it involves four or more teams, then it is a classic. The annual winter tournament in Oregon has been one since the day it started in 1956. It is called the Far West Classic. From the beginning it was a showcase for Oregon State, which was pleasing for the late Slaty Gill, who coached the Beavers for 36 years and wanted the area to be known for something besides Chinook salmon and Douglas firs.

In the first decade of the Far West Classic the field was enlarged from four to eight teams. The University of Oregon came in as co-host, the site was changed from Corvallis to the glass-enclosed Memorial Coliseum in Portland and, in a crazy series of ups and downs-from-behind thrillers, Oregon State won 27 straight games and 10 straight championships. In 1957 Utah came into the classic undefeated and lost to the Beavers in the finals by two points. In 1958 a last-minute jump shot broke a tie with Air Force and Oregon State won by two. In the finals the next night OSU was down by 14 points to Iowa at half time, fought back to a tie and won by a free throw with one second left on the clock. Idaho was leading by one in the 1959 semi-final when Bill Wold hit a jump shot with three seconds left to win again for the hosts. In the 1963 finals, guest Center Mel Counts was held by BYU's John Fairchild to one field goal in 21 attempts but Fairchild fouled out with about 12 minutes left and Counts went wild. OSU won by 19. In 1964 a substitute scored 10 points in overtime to beat Army in a first-round game. Year after year, it seemed, the gods were looking down benignly from snowy Mount Hood and blessing only the home state shots—at least, after half time.

The fun ended abruptly last year. Paul Valenti's third as head coach. Oregon State lost all three games in the tournament and took home the booby prize. This season the Beavers were not main-

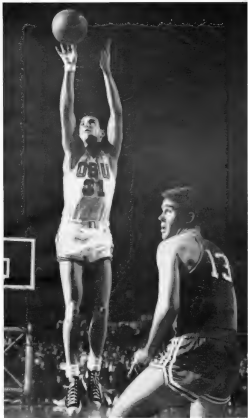
tioned by any sane man as a challenger to UCLA, Washington State, Cal or USC in their own Pacific Eight. At tournament time they had a 2-2 record in college competition and faced the best field in the Clause's history: unbeaten Utah, Atlantic Coast favorite North Carolina, Ivy League favorite Princeton and tall, tough Washington State, plus three mediocre teams.

North Carolina, the early choice, came into Portland like a big-business task force—confident, intelligent, well-dressed and organized right down to a synchronized post-dinner burp. IBM might have been in town to negotiate a contract. Carolina was there to win title to a piece of property, in this case a championship trophy. Everything was first class, from Coach Dean Smith's double-vented suit coats to the way his team manager, a pre-med student, had the courtesy station wagon waiting at the hotel door. The Tar Heels brought along their sports information director, who proudly gave out his \$1,000, 48-page press brochure containing 981 photographs and such esoteric tidbits as Guard Ed Fogler's favorite food (salami) and Guard Dick Grebar's favorite actress (Ursula Andress). Films were made of each of their games, a soundtrack from the radio broadcast was added and the whole thing was ready for showing the next day, like daily rushes at Twentieth Century-Fox.

The Tar Heels were, of course, even more impressive-looking on the court before and after the tip-offs. Each player had white sweat bands on his wrists and his uniform number on each calf-length sock (the socks never slipped down). Most of the players had their hair combed the same conservative way, falling down a little over their foreheads. It sort of spoiled the whole classy image when their sunny blue-and-white uniforms were late and they had to work out at the Coliseum Tuesday night in their underwear. No fans were around, but there were some newsmen. The reporters knew from the brochure that All-America Larry Miller liked sports cars but they didn't know he wore plaid shorts.

Winning title to the trophy was not easy. The Tar Heels started with an 87-78 victory over Stanford Thursday night and in their locker room afterward a portable record player blared *Now That You've Won Aie* by the Temptations.

Continued



Before he fouled out, Vince Pitt's long-distance shooting kept Oregon State close in Carolina, earned him a place on the All-Tournament Team.

## ALL TOGETHER NOW—A BIG WHOMPF FOR NORFOLK STATE

They come out of a back-room setting, padding peacefully along like a pack of wolves before it catches the scent. Then they line up in their orange and blue pullovers and their white wind pants and, with three lines bursting in from the side, practice jump shots and layups and spin shots and the other customary drills of the day. The action remains routine, and it strikes hard bumps in the air like the gust before a summer storm. After a while, they start tossing in hook shots from the far corners of the forecourt, and fall-away jumpers. Telling away into the third row... and then come the sharp little one-over-one counters, here, there and everywhere. And then they are ready.

It is a small, dimly lit gym off College Avenue in the heart of the Virginia Peninsula: the Norfolk State Spartans basketball team play the best back-room basketball in America. And they are ready to challenge the world in that category of the game recorded as "points scored." Norfolk State is pretty tough in points scored. It has scored 121 3-pointers through its season opener. Or 130 10's in a rematch with the Hampton. Or 136 off one. Norfolk State. After their first four games, the Spartans led the NCAA college division with an average of 123 points, higher than that compiled by many pro teams and 34 points a game higher than UCLA, the university division leader. They also led everyone in field-goal accuracy, with .511, the kind of figure coaches dream about.

Then the Spartans went up to Washington and met disaster. They won, but Howard University held them to under 100 points, and the whole Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association—which includes Norfolk State and 37 other Negro colleges up-and-down the Eastern seaboard—was shocked. "They walked the ball on us," says Coach Fred Hunt. "They walked the ball. But we got Howard back here next month. The scoreboard will show."

Feats in a large, muscular man who played at Florida A&M and later coached there and at Southern University after earning a master's degree from Ohio State. He knows the limits of his team and of the competition it draws, but the knowledge leaves him unafraid to make comparisons. "On a given night, when we guys are out, we could play a lot of people," he says. "Somebody told me UCLA had the majors in scoring, but even after Howard held us to 96, we were way ahead of UCLA. We'll stay ahead of them, too."

The Spartans have about two dozen shooters and one power. The shooters are led by Robert (The Stick) Dandridge and James A. (Hooker) Grant, who play the wings in Norfolk's treacherous offense. The Stick averages 23 points and was shooting 72% from the floor until he had the bad night against Howard (14 for 35) and dropped all the way down to 67%. As for Grant, who averages 23, it is still a question at State whether he can talk, but he sure can hook. He has one variation of the shot that he likes to shoot on the end of a fast break. He zooms under there, five feet from the basket, all set to lay it up. Then he steps, dribbles backward eight feet, falls away and hooks. "Oh you Hooker," the fans yell. The Hooker loves that play.

Norfolk State packs about 5,500 people onto its gym, but they are required to have good vision. The court is illuminated by an odd, busy glow that gives one the fascinating illusion of seeing inside a piece of blue cheese. Each time a Spartan shoots and scores, which usually occurs every few seconds, a strange sound comes from the fans. It starts deep down in their throats, comes up like wind and thunder, and ends with a burst. "WHOMP," it goes. "WHOMP. WHOMP." There are whoomps all night at Norfolk State. However, if you took away their power, the Spartans would have a lot less of that noise. The



With a neat head turn to throw off a Spartan defender, Norfolk State's Richard Kirkland sets up Mad Dog Skipper for easy layup.

power is Richard Kirkland, a 6' guard who weighs 150 pounds and may be the fastest man in college basketball. Kirkland grew up on the New York City playgrounds and went to junior college in North Carolina. He can shoot this average is about 34 points, but on this team he doesn't have to. So he has a little rhyme that goes, "Whoever is free is the man I see."

One sign after moving the cutoff pass from a defensive rebounder, Kirkland can full speed, afterburners smoking. He coaches the wings down the middle and, with Grant or Dandridge on his left and Charles Bonaparte or John McKinney or Mad Dog Skipper on his right to fill the lanes, the Spartans have one of the finest fast breaks in college.

All of this was on display last week as Norfolk State won its own holiday tournament by beating Servant, a local Negro team made up of "Service to the Atlantic Fleet" personnel, 137-87 and against Union 107-95. There was plenty of whoomps, and there will be many more this season. It is time the small college fans dreamed the Spartans in their back rooms.

—CLAY KIRKENDRICK

and Harlow. *The One You Love, One You Hate*. The four Tops. Coach Smith was happy despite the fact that he prefers Stan Kenton to The Temptations and he had drawn the third technical foul of his career in the game. In the second round Friday night, North Carolina had to play Utah, the only exhibition team in the Classic, and for most of the game it looked as if Smith would be drop-kicking the portable photograph into the Willamette River after the final buzzer. The Runnin' Redskins, who felt no shame at all while firing jump shots from improbable distances, but better than 60', in the first half and in one flurry outscored Carolina 11-0. They were ahead by 13 at halftime. The lead grew to 17 when, with less than 15 minutes left, the Tar Heels surrendered extra demeritation from comes here and varied playing defense.

And they had a not-so-secret weapon, too, a sophomore named Charlie Scott, who was first in his class at Laurnburg (N.C.) Institute. Scott scored 12 points as his team slowly whittled away at Utah's lead until it was all even at 82 with less than four minutes left. His two free throws tied it. Then Smith, risking a loss of momentum, ordered his team into its delay game, or "four-corner offense," in which the defense gets to spread out but it is open for quick cuts to the basket and clever passes. Scott took just such a pass underneath and scored to put North Carolina ahead and Utah called time out with eight seconds left.

The night before Utah had been in an almost identical predicament against Oregon and had won when Guard Mervin Jackson hit a 12-foot jump shot in the last eight seconds. So everybody in the arena, including the man selling Cracker Jack, knew who was going to be shooting now. Jackson got the ball, dribbled to the right base line, leaped and sank the tying basket. But the referee ruled that he had stepped on the line before the shot. No basket. North Carolina's game.

With Oregon State's tradition of dealing nasty surprises to visiting big shots, it was only right that the Beavers made the final against Carolina. Paul Valenti's deliberate style, learned at St. Gall's knee, drew some boos from the crowd Wednesday night at the start of the first round, but Oregon State stuck to its game and beat a poor Texas team by 12

points. OSU did not look good but as the Texas coach said, the Longhorns could make the Boston Celtics look bad. The second hurdle was Washington State, which had beaten Princeton. Several members of the championship UCLA team last season said Washington State was the best team they played and most of those WSC players are back. But OSU has had a hex on its northern neighbor for years. It worked again this night. In a game that was close all the way, OSU won 62-61.

"We've never found we could get an easy basket on Oregon State," Washington State Coach Mary Harshman had said before the game.

The Beavers had some scoring punch, too. In fact, people in Portland, used to OSU's habit of winning the Classic, fully expected Junior Vince Fritz—who had made 26 points against Washington State to score well enough and the defense to be stubborn enough for the Beavers to beat North Carolina Sunday night, and almost 13,000 opponents stared up so they could tell their grand children. Fritz did not disappoint them. He scored 25 points (10 for 13 from

the floor, usually way, way out on the floor) and Senior Lay Petersen did a good job on All-America Miller in the first half. But North Carolina, with far superior personnel, won 68-61. It was close, even after Fritz fouled out with six minutes left, until Miller, who was magnificent in the second half, stole a pass, made two free throws and stole the ball again from an OSU sub right under the OSU basket. By then, four Beavers had fouled out.

The coaches had already elected Charlie Scott as the Far West Classic's most valuable player, but Miller's 27 points in the second half forced a hurried reballoting. Miller got the MVP trophy and another for being on the All-Tournament Team with Scott and Fritz. As captain of the Tar Heels, he also had the honor of accepting the trophy for winning the Classic.

While the handsome, lanky All-American from the beautiful school in Chapel Hill, N.C., was being loaded down with all that loot, Coach Valenti kept his head up. "You gotta be tough," he had told his players, and now he was taking his own advice.

END



Joe Wessington offing shot over Joe Jim McKinnis but also Hampton Blake witnesses the game.

# UPS AND DOWNS

A long weekend of bowl games proved more thrilling than anyone expected as from coast to coast—or channel to channel—the underdogs turned up as heroes. Indiana did not bring off what would have been the gigantic upset at Pasadena, but the Hoosiers did hold O.J. Simpson to a mild roar as USC won by only 14-3. Texas A&M's 50-16

## BIGGEST SURPRISE

With Quarterback Todd Margerl calling a near-reversal game, Texas A&M upset Alabama with unexpected inside running.



## HIGHEST PLOY

Alabama deliberately tried to lose A&M offside twice with a fourth-down long count and succeeded once during a TD drive.



## HIGHEST COACH

A&M's Glen Sellsinger backed ever and halted the Cotton Bowl momentarily after Alabama got away with an illegal substitution.

## LOWEST GASP

No bowl fans suffered more than LSU's when in the last seconds Wyoming's George Anderson caught a tipped pass in the open.



## BEST OFFENSE

Oklahoma's option plays and sideline passes in the first half built a 39-0 lead that Tennessee could never quite overcome.



## BEST DEFENSE

USC allowed Indiana only one good scoring opportunity when the game was in balance and held Hoosier runners to 79 yards.

## THE EMMY AWARD

NBC's coverage of the Rose Bowl, from its peripatetic introductions to slow-motion replay, far surpassed all other telecasts.

## BEST COMEBACK

After miserable first half in which they made only one first down, LSU's Tigers came from 6-17 to defeat rival Wyoming.



# OF THE BOWLS

win over Alabama ranked as the big shocker by a couple of pass catches over Oklahoma's 20-24 edging of Tennessee. There were three exciting comebacks, with LSU wearing down Wyoming 20-13, Florida State catching Penn State 17-17 and Texas, El Paso overtaking Mississippi 14-7. Below, college football expert Dan Jenkins reviews the highlights.

## BEST STRATEGY

LSU's Charlie McClendon used a new offensive line in the third quarter, got his ground game going and won the Sugar Bowl.



## WORST STRATEGY

On fourth and one at your own 15, do you go for it? Not Penn State's Joe Paterno did, and a Gator Bowl debacle followed.

## BEST MOMENT

Bear Bryant won his former pupil, Gene Stallings, on field and lifted him with a hug after the Aggies had won the Bear.

## TOUGHEST DECISION

Florida State Coach Bill Peterson, who had said he would not play for a tie, decided to settle for field goal to tie Gator Bowl.



## BEST BOUNCE

Oklahoma's Bob Stephenson introduced a deflected pass and scored just when OU was blowing the widest bowl game of all.

## THE TOP 10 NOW

1. LSU 10-1
2. Oklahoma 10-1
3. Purdue 8-2
4. Florida State 7-2-2
5. Tennessee 9-2
6. UCLA 7-2-1
7. N.C. State 9-2
8. Penn State 8-2-1
9. Alabama 8-2-1
10. Wyoming 10-1

## THE ALL-BOWL TEAM AND ITS STARS

### OFFENSE

- |                                |                              |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| E Ron Sellers<br>Florida State | D Bob Warrack<br>Oklahoma    |
| T Ron Yary<br>USC              | B Larry Sengert<br>Texas A&M |
| G Mark Wover<br>Texas A&M      | B Glenn Smith<br>LSU         |
| G Dennis Born<br>USC           | B O. J. Simpson<br>USC       |
| T Dan Schneider<br>Texas A&M   |                              |
| E Dennis Henson<br>Alabama     | C Jay Shapiro<br>Wyoming     |

**BEST BACK:** O. J. Simpson, USC

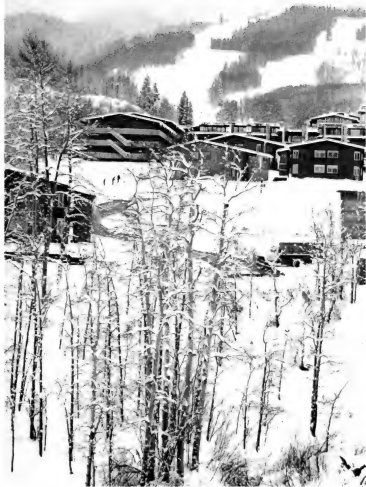
**BEST LINEMAN:** Ron Sellers, Fla. State

### DEFENSE

- |                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| E Tim Renshaw<br>USC         | EB Jack Reynolds<br>Tennessee |
| T Grady Liggins<br>Oklahoma  | B Bob Stephenson<br>Oklahoma  |
| T H. Archenbeck<br>Texas A&M | B Curley Hallman<br>Texas A&M |
| E John Garlington<br>LSU     | B Bill Jarosnyk<br>USC        |
| LB Billy Hobbs<br>Texas A&M  | B Sammy Grayson<br>LSU        |
| LB Jan Stastek<br>Indiana    |                               |

**BEST BACK:** Bob Stephenson, Oklahoma

**BEST LINEMAN:** Billy Hobbs, Texas A&M



# SKIS, BIKES, POLO AND \$\$\$

Five miles short of Aspen on the highway from Gunneped Springs, a snow-road branches right and climbs six miles past ranches and stands of spruce. Suddenly there it is—punchdrugged by boulevards of snow—50 miles of them, 3,600 vertical feet of them. This is Snowmass, built so quickly Aspenites call it "infant village." Jealousy will subside when Aspen realizes that Bill and Ed Jenks, the California real-estate tycoons who revived Sun Valley, have doubled the skiing and the fun that the Aspen area offers. For Snowmass is out to get everybody on snow—whether on cross-country loars, ski bobs, snowmobiles, snowbuses, sleds or Heels. The Jenks brothers and the American Cement Corp.—a heavy backer—believe that recreational real estate is golden. They have already recouped: in lots and apartments sold, a most half of the \$12 million they have spent. Eventually they will spend \$63 million more, to make Snowmass the biggest ski center in the country.



A heated meeting ski-jumpers find at the pedestrian-only village. It is a 1,000-bed, 20-phase, six-resort, four-swimming-pool complex, built in five months, with unique design unity.

When the water is 105° and the air is 6° warm almost obscures the play, as the University of Minnesota ski club ends a day on the slopes with water polo in the Snowmass Olympic pool.

Continued

Sven Erikson shows the ski school what parallel is all about. His 30 instructors from Austria, Germany, Italy, France, Norway and the U.S. teach American techniques — as do Erikson.



Her tubing—booming in Europe but banned by most U.S. areas—is Snowmass sport designed to get anyone on the ski who can ride a bike. Bobs are safe but swift; speed record is 112 mph.





An skater's slalom during Snowmass opening festivities, with picnic tables and deer barrels for "gates," wipes out University of Minnesota contestant who jumped last day bare too soon.

Supporting, like water-skiing on snow with a pony for power, makes winter use of the Snowmass nine-hole golf course. There are also stunts, sleigh-rides to barbettes in mountain cabins.



# That Doggone Crosby

For the first time the professional golf tour—including jet aces Palmer, Nicklaus and Snoopy—will open its season with one of its most spectacular events, the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am. Given their choice, the pros would much prefer to start on their quest for an alltime high of \$5 million in purse money at some nice, comfortable, undemanding event like, say, a San Diego Open. Instead they are off next week to the Monterey Peninsula, to the surprises and terrors of Pebble Beach Cypress Point and Spyglass Hill, perhaps to a hurricane or a snowstorm and undoubtedly to the crash of the surf, a sound that increases in pitch as the top of the backswing is reached. No, the golfer cannot tell what he will face at the Crosby, a fact that Cartoonist Charles Schulz, who has played in the event seven times, well knows. The only certainty is that the Crosby has some awful shocks awaiting the competitors, as that world-famous golf pro, Snoopy, is about to discover.

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HERE'S THE WORLD-FAMOUS  
GOLF PRO FLYING HIS  
PRIVATE JET TO MONTEREY  
TO PLAY IN THE CROSBY..



THE BIG  
POCKET IS  
FOR PEANUT  
BUTTER  
SANDWICHES!





HERE'S THE WORLD-FAMOUS  
GOLF PRO STANDING ON THE  
FIRST TEE AT CYPRESS POINT  
SQUINTING INTO THE SUN...  
WE GOLF PROS ALWAYS  
SQUINT INTO THE SUN!








HERE'S THE WORLD-FAMOUS GOLF PRO PLAYING IN THE CROSBY, AND BEING FOLLOWED BY THE HUGE THROG OF HIS ADMIRERS KNOWN AS "SNOOPY'S SQUAD"

A cartoon illustration of Snoopy running to the right, wearing a white baseball cap with a red brim and a golf club tucked under his arm. Behind him, four small blue birds, known as Snoopy's Squad, are following in a line. The background is a bright yellow sun.



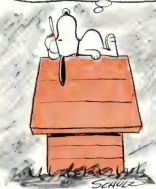
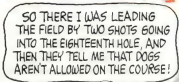
SOME PROS GET ERNIE FORD FOR A PARTNER, OR SANDY KOUFAX, OR ANDY WILLIAMS...WHO DO I GET? AN OPHTHALMOLOGIST FROM SAN JOSE!

A cartoon illustration of Snoopy standing on a green golf course, looking thoughtful with his hand on his chin. He is wearing the same white cap and golf club. To his right is a large, leafy green tree with a brown trunk. The background is a soft pinkish-red sky. Two golf balls are visible on the grass in the foreground.



RATS! I HATE TO LOSE  
A PARTNER...IT'S A  
TWO STROKE PENALTY!

I MISS PLAYING WITH  
BEN HOGAN..I USED TO  
LIKE TO SAY TO HIM,  
"YOU'RE AWAY!"



## **A PIED PIPER FROM DOWN EAST**

Maine man George Soule quacks a duck call that sounds like the real thing, but when he adds his bigger-than-life cork decoys to the Casco Bay scene he sometimes has trouble keeping inquisitive black ducks out of his blind.

by **DUNCAN BARNES**



At daybreak, from a vantage point half a mile away, it looked like nothing more than a typical Maine tidewater duck-hunting setup. The blind, fashioned from driftwood, kelp and seaweed, blended nicely into the lee shore of Lane's Island in a narrow arm of Casco Bay. Hiding inside the blind were George Soule, a decoy manufacturer of Freeport, Me.; Sazy, his American water spaniel; and two shooting friends. Gunning conditions were excellent. The tide was just beginning to ebb and, in the face of a building southeast wind, rafts of black ducks took off from the open water and headed up into the bay to seek shelter against the shore and to feed on eel-grass seeds and mammals. As the flocks of ducks whistled by high overhead, intent on reaching the brackish gazettes that drain into the bay, small bunches of fringe birds peeled off to look over Soule's cork decoys. White underwing feathers flashing against the cold gray sky, the birds descended rapidly, circled the decoys once and, coaxed in by Soule's seductive notes on a rosewood duck call, set their wings and hurried down into shotgun range. In less than an hour Soule and his guests had their limits (two blacks each), and still the ducks were skidding into the decoys.

Just another good day for these hunters with a corner of the bay all to themselves? Not quite. There were at least half a dozen other hunters in equally unobtrusive and well-positioned blinds on both sides of Soule, as well as on several nearby islands. All of them had large, attractive decoy spreads. Yet not until Soule and his guests pulled out and headed back by boat to the mainland did any of the other hunters get a shot at a duck.

The secret of George Soule's success that morning was simply the presence of a motel of his own *aperducks*—seventy-nine cork rollers at least half again as large as the black ducks they simulated. By all rights they should have frightened birds as cautious as black ducks clean out of the country. Instead, they drew them like magnets.

"Sometimes it gets to be downright animal," says Soule, a short, soft-spoken

man of 55 with squinty blue eyes, an untidy shock of gray hair and a sort of medium-rare down-East sense of humor. "You only need a small stool of these oversize rollers—most gunners call them *magnams*. I like to put a few floaters out in the water downwind of the blind and then add a nice bunch of stand-ups high and dry in the grass right in front of the blind. Everything about these decoys is big, and they sit much higher on the water than the real thing. But then everything is also in proportion. The secret is, the ducks can see them from farther away. There can be any number of other hunters nearby, but unless some of them are also using *magnams* or also have set out right smack in the middle of the only feeding hole in the entire bay, then we get all the ducks that have any inclination at all of decoying. It's sort of like being the Pied Piper of black ducks."

Compared with most other species of puddle, or shallow-feeding, ducks, the black is a rather drab, dusky-brown bird (the sexes are identical in color except that the legs of the adult male are a brighter red), and in the southern portion of its range, especially in Chesapeake Bay and Delaware Bay, it tends to feed primarily on skunk grass and hairfish, which makes it anything but a delicacy on the table. Yet the black is the ranking bird, both in numbers and in hunters' preference, on the Atlantic Flyway. In New England, which is bypassed by the bulk of southward-migrating waterfowl species, the black is the duck, the "cabin" bird (even coastal blacks seem to taste better up north) that gun men eat of bed and into cold, wet tidewater blinds below dawn. Larger than most ducks, swift and strong in flight, it is unquestionably the shyest of all ducks and the most difficult to decoy. Not surprisingly, gunners have endowed it with almost supernatural powers over the years. Blacks, for example, are supposedly the only ducks with a sense of smell, capable of detecting and pinpointing the scent of man (or of his sandwiches, coffee, tobacco and his dog) even when flying upward. There's more. Oldtime baymen swear that blacks can count and that they will always flare off from even numbers of decoys. Then there is the blacks' legendary long-distance vision. As one gunner put it: "A black

**DECOY-MAKER** Soule with two of his revolutionary cork rollers and two dead black ducks.

*continued*



can see a man from as far away as a man can see the moon."

Like many New England wildernessers, George Soule has enjoyed a love affair with the black duck for a long time, and it was the cunning of the blacks on Casco Bay that forced him into the decoys business back in 1935. At the time Soule was running a fly-tying business for L.L. Bean, Inc., the Freeport sport-fishing tackle-order house, and on occasion he went gunning for ducks with the late L.L. himself. "Old L.L. had a nagging set of round-bottom wooden rollers that skittered, bobbed and pitched like scragging rocking horses in the slightest chop," Soule recalls. "Once the opening-day barrage was over, and with it the age of innocence for the birds working the bay, all those little decoys did was flare the blacks. And L.L.'s old smokepole, a great heavy 12-gauge Remington automatic fitted with a Remington extension magazine, didn't help much either."

After one particularly frustrating morning on the bay, Soule drove to Portland, scrounged up some old insulation cork from two abandoned refrigeration trucks, and made a dozen black-duck decoys in his basement. "They were pretty crude," Soule admits, "but they had flat bottoms and keels, and they acted pretty natural on the water. The first time we shot over them we got a bunch of blacks, and L.L. was so impressed that he offered to find a spot in his canal for cork decoys if I would make them. So I guess you might say I got my start in a duck blind. And don't listen to my friends. It's not true that I've been living in a duck blind ever since. Anyway, it's all in the pursuit of pure decoy research."

With L.L.'s approval, Soule and several helpers began turning out cork decoys on the second floor of Bean's factory-store. Soule has since branched out on his own to a thriving wooden "factory" overlooking Casco Bay, where he annually turns out some 10,000 hunting rollers, blacks, mallards, whistlers, pintails, scaup and canvasbacks, as well as heere and Canada geese and 5,000 hand-painted decorative decoys for collectors and gift shops. "A lawyer



**A THOUSAND** of blacks is bred in a family of stamping rollers within a 100,000-sq-ft

from Portsmouth, N.H., came in to Bean's one day and asked me to make him some oversize tollers to use on Merrymeeting Bay," Soule recalls. "It wasn't a new idea, really. Goose shooters have always used big tollers, and we were already making coastal decoys which are a bit larger than average. But this lawyer wanted something even bigger. Merrymeeting Bay has always been gunned up with gunners, and he figured on outdecoying them. So I made him up 12 magnum blacks. They were so huge—21 inches long and 10 inches wide—that I really didn't hold out much hope for them. I never heard from that lawyer again, but the following season Ramsey Kelley, who guides duck hunters on Merrymeeting, called me up. He wanted several dozen magnum right away. He was pretty excited, too. He explained that this lawyer was decoying all the blacks on the bay. The ducks were fighting downriver, passing up everyone else's steel and sailing right into the lawyer's magnums. What made it so humiliating was that the lawyer and his friends would limit out every day on the down flight and then retire to the camp porch to drink coffee and watch the blacks continue to pour into their big tollers."

Since duck hunters are fanatic traditionalists, Soule's magnums have not exactly caught fire. But more New England coastal gunners are switching over every year, and Soule filled orders for some 4,000 magnum blacks in 1967. L.L. Bean, which handles 35% of Soule's hunting tollers, is moving them well, and some of their customers in Texas—naturally—use Soule's magnum mallards with great success.

Why do magnums work so well? "It's not just that ducks can see them easier," says Soule. "Frankly, I think they give the ducks more confidence. When we used to shoot over standard-size tollers, the blacks would repeatedly circle them. Maybe we'd get one bunch out of five or close enough to shoot at. But when we switched to magnums we started getting three or four of every five bunches to swing the stool, and most times they circled only once and then came right in."

The most exciting magnums of all are Soule's brand new "stand-ups," which are used in conjunction with oversize floating decoys. They may well revolu-

tionize the art of coastal black-duck shooting. Soule got the idea for them two years ago on a bitter December day. "The blacks were moving pretty good," he remembers, "but the bay was full of floating ice and my tollers were taking a beating. So I pulled them up on the grass, and the next thing I knew, I had blacks trying to get in the blind with me. They would land out in the water, of course, but not until after they had swung in close to the blind to look over those high and dry tollers. It dawned on me right then. Blacks like to get out on the shore and feed, preen or doze, especially in nasty weather. So I carved out a set of shore magnums with removable dowel legs and they worked right off. They stand out like beacons on the marsh as long as the grass is naturally low or else flattened out by killing frosts, and, although no one has tried it yet, I'm betting that they'll be deadly for the shooter with a coffin blind buried out on a sandpit, or even in corn or wheat fields where birds are feeding."

Soule makes two kinds of stand-up black decoys (the plans to turn out some mallards soon): a feeder, with neck and head stretched out, that tips over so its bill rests on the ground, and a regular that simply stands there looking relaxed. Like all his decoys, Soule's stand-ups are made of dense, buoyant cork imported from Portugal. They are sprayed with a flat, no-shine paint and touched up with the appropriate field marks—blue wing patch and olive bill—by hand. Because they must show more body bulk than floating decoys, they are made from two sections of cork cemented together. Although there is no such thing as too many decoys for coastal shooting, five feeders, two regulars and maybe a sleeper (a floating magnum that lies down on the grass), along with seven floaters set out in the water downwind of the blind, make an excellent steel for Casco Bay. The same should hold true for other tidewater areas. The blacks tend to swing into the wind, fly over the floaters and drop into the water right in front of the stand-ups—in easy shotgun range.

At 6:30 on a bitter-cold morning last season George Soule checked the wind gauge on his dining-room wall and noted with satisfaction that a storm front was moving in. He pulled on his patched waders, a long camouflage parka and a

duck-billed cap to hide his face, loaded two wicker baskets of magnum blacks in his aluminum boat and set out for the lee shore of Lane's Island. By sunrise he was bunkered down in the blind admiring his tollers. "Now that's the kind of spread that will sell an educated black," he said. "Some gunners like to use a confidence decoy—usually a sagacious old herring gull—to make their spread look more realistic. I'd rather rely on these magnums and my duck call." Soule's call is a Turpin made in Louisiana, and once one hears him chirp into it, one wonders why he needs decoys at all. Soule admits that anyone who learns how to call blacks will get a lot more action. He makes a ravenous comeback call (four loud quacks of varying pitch) to get the ducks started, and then mixes it with low, muted reedy quacks and the gurgulous feeding chuckle until the ducks are in range. But Soule is quick to point out that all the calling in the world won't put blacks in the pan if the decoys don't look just right to them.

"It's a strange thing about some gunners," Soule says. "A lot of them have fancy shotguns, expensive boats and motors, retrievers trained by professionals and maybe even memberships in private duck clubs. Yet in an age when ducks are getting smarter all the time, a lot of these men blanch at the idea of putting out \$200 or so for a good set of big tollers. Instead they head for the marshes with a bagful of cheap, shiny plastic decoys. A lot of them even use Clorox bottles painted black or laundry bags dyed and stuffed with grass or even mounds of mud stuck out in the grass. They just can't expect the same kind of shooting."

"Anyway, it's bad enough on those bluebird days when nothing is flying but martins (spikes) (mergansers). It's worse when conditions are perfect, except that the blacks sail along a mile high without so much as a courteous glance at your tollers. At such times, you hunt partridge in the puckerbrush behind the blind, or dig a mess of soft-shell clams on the mud flat and steam them up. Or we just sit in the blind, talking to the dog and looking out at the tollers. You can't tell me a duck hunter is enjoying himself when he has to stare out at Clorox bottles, laundry bags or mud patties."

END

Hawking it up with a piece of beef a World Champion Slicer **Jean-Claude Kilby** (below). "I am certainly not a cook," Kilby says modestly, "but I enjoy fiddling around in the kitchen. Naturally I can make regional Savoyard dishes, like a fondue, and fried eggs, like any man, but my father is a really good cook and after I stop competition skiing I think I'll learn to cook seriously." The other thing Kilby has said he plans to do seriously when he quits skiing is to drive racing cars. Well, any man who drove the Targa Florio as coolly as he did last year will doubtless prove to have nerves of steel when the culinary chips are down and he has to face a quadded hollandaise.

"I don't like beards. There isn't room for beards in the Queen's stables." The man who recently conjured up this rather cramped vision of **Queen Elizabeth's** stables at Newmarket was the trainer of her horses, 86-year-old **Sir Cecil Boyd-Rochford**. Sir Cecil had invited 12-year-

old Patrick Aray to come to work as an estrouse boy, but when he saw that Aray was possessed of a one-inch beard he was shocked. "The fellow arrived at my front door at 7 p.m. and I didn't like the look of him at all. I could see right away that he was not suitable for my stables. I told my son-in-law—who is my assistant—that I was not going to have men with beards working there. I don't like them. They are unnecessary. There is too much of this long hair and beards these days. . . . I am certainly not going to have my string of horses going out each morning ridden by men with beards. It's certainly not on—not while I'm here anyway." It is lucky for Sir Cecil that he never trained horses for George V. He would have been placed in the firestorm position of having to tell Elizabeth's grandfather that he was not a suitable person for his own stables.

Last winter, while skiing on an intermediate slope at Sun Valley, young **Joe Kennedy** broke his left leg. This winter, while skiing on an intermediate slope at Sun Valley, young Joe Kennedy broke his right leg. The New York Senator's 15-year-old boy does run true to form, but it doesn't seem to be very good form.

"The shoot was carried out in an entirely responsible manner. Everybody carried their boots in disheolians." So said England's **Duke of Rutland**, under fire from a Lincolnshire County Council and the Lincolnshire branch of the National Farmers' Union for having held a shooting party on his own grounds. Shooting parties have been, by and large, voluntarily dispensed with during England's epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease, but a small group went out recently for pheasant on the Duke's 18,000 acres. A spokesman for the council said, "Perhaps there



was little risk of spreading the epidemic. That's not the point. I think it was a poor example by people who should have known better." The Duke replied, "I would not have dreamed of shooting if there had been any danger at all of spreading foot-and-mouth. My home was not in an infected area." Nor were the homes of his guests—they came from London—and he went on to observe, "The pheasants are a problem. I believe that this foot-and-mouth epidemic is carried by the birds and the wind. On my brother's estate in Derbyshire, where there is foot-and-mouth around, there can be no shooting. The result is that there are 4,000 pheasants walking about all over the place!"

In Los Angeles the day before Christmas, actress **Ann-Margret**'s motorcycle collided with a car and she was carried off to the hospital in an ambulance. In Texas, Cowboy Quarterback **Craig Morton** was driving

home from the "Brown" game when he heard on the radio that a thief had been caught stealing his motorcycle from his garage. Ann-Margret's injuries were minor and neighbors not only prevented Morton's thief from making a getaway, they almost succeeded in stuffing him into a handy garbage can, but the only celebrity who seems to have had any real fun with a cycle over the holidays was Georgia's governor, **Lesley M. Middle** (above). He received an old-fashioned, bright red, pedal-it-yourself bicycle and was reported to have ridden it through the doors of the Governor's Mansion, across the veranda and down a flight of steps, then up three steps. After that he was photographed riding the thing sitting backwards on the handlebars, a picture that might be of some value to his political adversaries. Middle says of bicycle riding, "It exercises everything in your body—your arms and legs, your heart, everything!" The way he rides, it certainly does.





Is the glass half empty or half full?

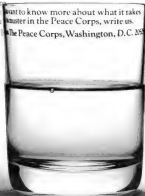
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Write to: The Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525.





## Fine-feathered Forum for the Jack Kent Kings

Hockey's liveliest promoter opens for show biz in a Los Angeles pleasure dome and, despite a loss to the Philadelphia Flyers, has Barnums of hope for gate, glitter and Stanley Cup glory in the NHL's upstart West

With sirens wailing, motorcycles roared up on both sides of the cab. The driver eased over on the busy Los Angeles street, and in the back seat Dick Bledous, trainer for the Philadelphia Flyers, and Joe Kadlec, the team's publicity man, wondered if they had run a red light. Then they saw a gun thrust at the window, and a policeman ordered them outside. The cops said the cab had been stolen and used in a robbery the day before. They showed Bledous and Kadlec against the side of the car and frisked them. Kadlec tried to explain who he was. A cop told him to keep quiet. For several minutes the two men stood still, watching the cops and their guns and clubs. Finally Bledous broke into a laugh. "This," he said, "must be another Jack Kent Cooke production."

In fairness to Cooke it must be said that the incident turned out to be a Los Angeles police production. The stolen cab actually had been recovered and put back in use; the alarm for it had been left out by mistake. But if Jack

Kent Cooke hasn't gotten around to staging cops-and-robbers scenes for visiting teams yet, give him time. He has been in the Los Angeles sports business less than three years, but already owns three franchises—hockey's Kings, basketball's Lakers and soccer's Toros—and a \$16-million building called the Forum. On Saturday the Forum, the most striking of all Cooke's achievements, opened with a game between the Flyers and Cooke's Kings. Before the game Cooke walked out to center ice, proudly beamed at the 14,166 people around him and said, "This is the happiest day of my life."

Philadelphia won 2-0 as break a first-place tie with the Kings in the West Division of the National Hockey League and take a little of the excitement away from Cooke's triumphant moment. But only a little. His detractors had scoffed at the spectacular Forum he had envisioned; hockey people had predicted that his Kings would be the weakest club in the NHL. Now the Forum is a

reality, and the Kings are near the top of the standings. Cooke, who has never been known for modesty or understatement, could have been excused if he had gloated a bit Saturday. He didn't because, as he said later, "I think this is one time when I can let things speak for themselves."

The Forum is certainly an expression of its owner—unique, dramatic and full of small touches of luxury and consequence that give it Cooke's personal stamp. For the Lakers and Kings it is a nice new home arena; for Cooke it is a monument. Architecturally, it is one of the few sports buildings worth talking about, an imposing circular structure with 80 huge white columns that give it kinship with the ancient Roman Colosseum, as Cooke is seldom hesitant to point out.

A few of the Forum's details smack of Forest Lawn or Beverly Hills, but its overall simplicity and grandeur make it more Roman than Southern Californian. It would be a landmark even in an area

that had more architectural competition to offer.

The interior, with its carpeted lobbies and upholstered seats, resembles a comfortable, if congested, theater. Cooke personally supervised everything down to the distinctive Bodoni lettering on rest-room doors and telephone booths. "The Forum has class," says Cooke, "and it will be an exciting place. Take one example. Ever since I was a kid in Toronto, I wondered why a goal, the biggest moment in a hockey game, should be signaled by a 60-watt bulb in a funny red cylinder that stays on for only a split second. Here the goal light is the kind you see on police cars. But it spans twice as fast as a police light, giving a sparkling effect for five seconds."

Cooke is not merely bringing sparkling lights to the staid old NHL; he is also working hard to develop a champion. Winning the Stanley Cup will take more time and money than Cooke has plowed into the Forum, but certainly his progress so far has forced his rivals to take him seriously.

Six months ago they were more inclined to laugh. The Kings drafted what appeared to be the worst of all the expansion teams. Cooke, however, had two little-appreciated things going for him. One was the minor league club he purchased in Springfield, Mass. Several of his key players have come from that team, and now hockey men emphasize that a strong minor league base is essential to a new NHL club. The only clubs that bought farm teams—the Kings and the Flyers, who own the Quebec Aces—are leading the new division. Cooke's other asset was Larry Regan, who scouted for him last year and is now his general manager.

In his first executive job in the NHL, Regan has been independent and daring. When he went to games last year he even refused to sit with other scouts. "They pass on too many old ideas," he said. "One scout may form an opinion about a player, and others may agree just to be safe. Soon the guy gets stereotyped, and he never gets a fresh look. I wanted to give everyone a fresh approach." Regan's method led him to men like Eddie Joyal, who was labeled by some as strictly minor league but is now the Kings' flashiest forward.

Regan had the courage to select unknowns in the draft, even though he knew the veteran managers at other

teams were criticizing him. He avoided the fringe big-leaguers who seemed to be "logical" picks and instead concentrated on youth and speed. When the draft ended he had a big, fast squad. But nobody had ever heard of its members. "Sure the criticism makes you think," he said. "When I went home from the meetings I wondered if I was the village idiot. But then Mr. Cooke told me he was 100% behind me, and I figured that we would do all right."

Cooke himself knows hockey and takes great interest in the club, although he insists that he never interferes with his manager or Coach Red Kelly. "Of course I'm very close to the team," he said. "That's half the fun. I get goose bumps just thinking about some of these guys and how they've come through for us."

Although the Kings have been steady and surprisingly good, they are not yet Cooke's kind of team. They lack a leader as well as a big scorer, and they have remained colorless and virtually featureless in a town that abhors anonymity. The front office, in an attempt to produce instant heroes, even resorted to assigning nicknames to many players—Cowboy Flett and Jet Joyal head the list—but it could not make them colorful. In fact, Brian Kilrea, who was dubbed Killer, proved so docile that he was sent to the minors last week. Even instant heroes, it appears, are born, not made. So the Kings must go on depending on steady, lackluster men with names like Bill White and Brian Smith. And the fans may keep staying away.

"I'd be kidding," said Cooke. "If I claimed we weren't disappointed in our attendance so far." The Kings' performance before their first crowd in the Forum did little to encourage people to rush back for more. They played their positions fairly well and had some good scoring chances, but they checked poorly and failed to come up with big plays. The Flyers came into Los Angeles without these key men, including their top defenseman, Ed Van Impe, and high scorer, Bill Sutherland; but they still hit hard enough to win, with the help of a brilliant goalie who almost left them only a week earlier.

Doug Favell had been playing well, but not too often, in the Philadelphia goal this season, largely because teammate Bernie Parent was having an exceptional year. Recently Favell got fed up with sitting on the bench and, although

he is only 22, threatened to retire if he couldn't play. "I didn't want to go to the minors for more work," he said. "I was almost leading the league in goal-tending and still not playing. I figured if I couldn't make it the way I've played, I might as well get out."

Favell even set a date for his departure—December 26—and thereby missed a chance to play one game. Coach Keith Allen had planned to use him on the 25th, but no coach can appear to be playing someone just because of an ultimatum. On the 16th Favell had a four-hour session with General Manager Bud Poole and decided to stay around.

The Kings would just as soon see Favell go away. The shutout Saturday was Doug's second straight over Los Angeles and the victory a typical one for the Flyers. Ed Hochstra scored the game's first goal—Philadelphia has scored first in 13 of its 16 wins—and then the Flyers settled down to a game of hard checking, good goalkeeping and very little shooting. The Flyers have taken more shots on goal than their opponents in only five games this year. Saturday they managed 19 shots, while Favell stopped 25. Doug made one unbelievable save on a shot by Brian Smith that would have tied the score in the second period and added several good stops on Joyal. Afterward he did not sound like a man about to quit hockey. "I guess I did jump the gun a little about retiring," he said, "but maybe it was good to remind them I was around."

Lou Angotti, the hustling team captain, was asked if the Flyers were the best expansion team. "I don't know," he said, "but we sure are the toughest. We have a good basic team, and we make fewer mistakes than the others. Like the Green Bay Packers."

The Flyers, who have lost their last five games against the older NHL clubs, are not readily mistaken for the Packers or, indeed, the Chicago Black Hawks. But as they routed the Kings 9-1 Sunday night in Philadelphia to go four points ahead, they were tough enough. The Kings may settle for second, but they are the youngest team, entitled to look ahead. Cooke is looking, first of all, for bigger crowds, then for first place, then for a Stanley Cup. "I think," he said, "that a favorite phrase of Mr. Branch Rickey applies to all these goals: 'It's as inevitable as tomorrow. But perhaps not as imminent.'"

END

## A percentage player makes his pitch for K.C.

That is how Ewing Kauffman, who succeeds with everything he touches, describes himself. If baseball does award him the new franchise, the days of travail for put-upon Kansas Citians may have ended at long last

With the old Athletics gone to Oakland, the American League next week will award a new Kansas City franchise (to become operative in 1969) to one of four applicants.

If all goes according to plan—and almost everything is Ewing Kauffman's life always has—the franchise will go to a native son, Ewing Kauffman in fact. Kauffman, who is 51 and has remarkably luminous blue eyes, is a self-made real-estate millionaire and the kind of man who could breathe life into a beamless rug. Such performances are rare in all of baseball these days, but nowhere more so than in Kansas City, where successive regimes of absentee landlords seemed more bent on taking their share's breath away. Kauffman's knack, by contrast, it seems. Perhaps this is because, as Kauffman explains it, "I always try to move with the law of averages."

Ewing Marion Kauffman began exhibiting a penchant for laws of average when he was a student at Kansas City's Westport High. He decided to go out for football but was handicapped by the fact that he weighed only 122 pounds. "I saw I didn't have much of a chance," Kauffman recalls, "so I analyzed the situation. I found that center was the least popular position. I went out for center—and made it."

Kauffman also played right field on school and sandlot baseball teams until his interest in the game waned in favor of making a living. As a salesman for a drug concern, Kauffman was soon earning more in commissions than the company president drew in salary. "They shrank my territory and I still made more," says Kauffman. "It's wrong not to let a man enjoy the fruit of his efforts. So I quit and went into business for myself."

That was in 1950. Kauffman started making pills in his basement. The first year he grossed \$36,000 and earned a profit of \$1,100. Last year his Marion Laboratories, Inc., a pharmaceutical manufacturer and distributor, grossed



EWING KAUFFMAN PRIRED PERFORMANCE

\$10.5 million and showed a profit of \$2 million after taxes. "I've applied one basic principle to my business," Kauffman explains. "Those who produce should share in the profits. Those who don't produce, don't stay. Every employee I have owns stock in Marion Laboratories. Twenty of the people associated with me have become millionaires. Our retirement plan is liberal. A typist who has been with us for 14 years will retire this year with \$112,000 in benefits and hasn't had to contribute one cent to the retirement fund. My maintenance man has \$100,000 in stock and \$200,000 in credit in our retirement fund."

"I've set up trust funds for my three children," Kauffman says. "I've got \$60 million and I'm going to enjoy it. I'm counting on baseball to provide one of the means of enjoying it. I'm not sure I'll get the franchise, but if I were the league owners I'd award it to me."

Even without a baseball team Kauffman has been finding life hugely enjoyable. He lives in a massive red-brick house that cost \$200,000 when it was built in 1932 at Depression prices. Kauff-

man has added an Olympic-size outdoor swimming pool with a 10-foot diving board. The pool is heated and Kauffman swims and dives almost every night of the year. He has converted the former owner's indoor rifle cage into a golf practice room where he can both drive and putt.

Of the interested parties who have applied for the new Kansas City franchise, Kauffman is the only one offering single ownership. To the December baseball meetings in Mexico City he took one letter of credit from a Kansas City bank for \$4 million and another from a New York financial firm for \$6 million. The cost of the franchise, including stocking it with players, is expected to be just under \$6 million. The new owner will not share league television or radio fees until 1972 and he must make payments to the league pension fund.

Kauffman's first venture into sports ownership began in 1966 when he bought two race horses from Desi Arnaz. With his usual thoroughness, he hired an experienced Missourian, Randy Sechrest, as trainer and started a racing stable. He expected to lose money, which, from a tax standpoint, he did not find an unwelcome prospect. But in 21 months his stable, which now includes 24 horses, has won \$357,000.

"If I get the ball team," says Kauffman, "I'll do what I did with the stable, hire professionals and turn the operation over to them. I'll lay down the financial policy. The baseball end I'll leave to baseballians."

Kauffman is sure he will be able to resist the temptation to try to run the affairs of the ball club. "When I replaced myself as sales manager of Marion Laboratories," Kauffman says, "I saw a lot of things that the man I had put in was doing wrong, but I didn't interfere. I let him learn by his own mistakes. I know sales management. So if I could resist the temptation to tell my sales manager what to do I'm sure I'll be able to resist interfering in

baseball, about which I know nothing."

Kauffman is conscious that the occupational life of a baseball player is much shorter than that of a drag firm employee and that it becomes less rather than more valuable with age. He does not pension stock benefits and retirement funds for his players, but he does for his management and front-office personnel. He believes that the baseball he will offer his people should enable him to build a first-class organization quickly.

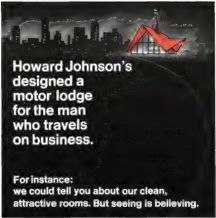
Already Kauffman has received permission to negotiate with a man currently employed by an American League team whom he'd like to hire as his executive vice-president. Says Kauffman: "Probably our organization would be patterned after the Yankees', with the key men the executive vice-president and the director of player personnel. As I've said, I go by the law of averages. I also believe strongly in quality. I'd rather have 10 \$30,000 ballplayers than 30 \$10,000 ones."

Because his tax situation makes it impractical, Kauffman will take nothing financially from the team. Any profits will go to improving it. "If money will build a ball team," he says, "I'm willing to spend it. I would say a first-division team in five to seven years would be a reasonable goal. I suppose I'll suffer awhile, but I'm hoping for a pennant inside of 10 years."

As the first local owner of Kansas City's major league team, Kauffman would be refreshingly different from his predecessors. Arnold Johnson of Chicago, who moved the A's from Philadelphia in 1955 and operated the club as though it were a farm team for the Yankees, and the stormy insurance executive, Charles O. Finley, also from Chicago. The two got the franchise largely because Kansas City's rich men, influenced by conservative local banking interests, stood around and did nothing. The result was years of turmoil and final desertion by Finley.

Urbain baseball, a game controlled by men who are easily frightened by signs of generosity, suddenly turns down Kauffman, he promises to be a bright addition to the scene. He is candid, accessible and makes no attempt to conceal either his wealth or the fact that he finds his possession vastly enjoyable. If this be true, Kansas City and baseball can use a lot more of it.

BY BOB

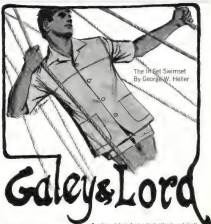


The advertisement features a dark, atmospheric night scene of a city skyline. In the foreground, a large, illuminated red structure, possibly a tent or a stylized building, stands out against the dark background. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

## Howard Johnson's designed a motor lodge for the man who travels on business.

**For instance:  
we could tell you about our clean,  
attractive rooms. But seeing is believing.**

For free directory, write: 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020.



The advertisement shows a black and white photograph of a man in a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt and shorts, holding onto ropes as if swimming or climbing. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

The Hottest Swimset  
By George W. Heller

# Galey & Lord

Trunks and shirt of polyester/cotton two-ply twill woven by Galey & Lord, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

# VANITY ON THE GRIDIRON

IN TWO PARTS

*Years before he became a spokesman for the Beat Generation of the mid-1950s, the author was a promising football player, beginning on the sandlots of his home town, Lowell, Mass., and continuing through high school, prep school and into Columbia University, which he attended on a scholarship. What follows are excerpts from the forthcoming novel, "Vanity of Daluz," which records the athletic reminiscences of John L. Daluz—who is Kerouac himself*

EDITED BY FRANK O'NEILL

After I've given you a recitation of the troubles I had to go through to make good in America between 1935 and more or less now, 1967, and although I also know everybody in the world's had his own troubles, you'll understand that my particular form of anguish came from being too sensitive to all the lunkheads I had to deal with just so I could get to be a high school football star, a college student pouring coffee and washing dishes and scrungeing till dark and reading Homer's *Iliad* in three days all at the same time and, God help me, a W R I T E R, whose very "success," far from being a happy triumph as of old, was the sign of damn Himself. (Insofar as nobody loves my dashes anyway, I'll use regular punctuation for the new illiterate generation.)

Look, furthermore, my anguish, as I call it, arises from the fact that people have changed so much, not only in the past five years, for God's sake, or past ten years as McLuhan says, but in the past thirty years, to such an extent that I don't recognize them as people anymore or recognize myself as a real member of something called the "human race." I can remember in 1935 when full-grown men, hands deep in jacket pockets, used to go whistling down the street unnoticed by anybody and noticing no one themselves. And walking *fast* too, to work or store or

girl friend. Nowadays, tell me, what is this sloooshing stroll people have? Is it because they're used to walking across parking lots only? Has the automobile filled them with such vanity that they walk like a bunch of lounging hoodlums to no destination in particular?

Autumn nights in Massachusetts before the war you'd always see a guy going home for supper with his fists buried deep in the side pockets of his jacket, whistling and striding along in his own thoughts, not even looking at anybody else on the sidewalk, and after supper you'd always see the same guy rushing out the same way, headed for the corner candy store, or to see Joe, or to a movie, or to the poolroom, or the deadman's shift in the mills, or to see his girl. You no longer see this in America, not only because everybody drives a car and goes with a stupid erect head guiding the idiot machine through the pitfalls and penalties of traffic, but because nowadays no one walks with unconcern, head down, whistling, everybody looks at everybody else on the sidewalk with gush and, worse than that, curiosity and faked concern. In some cases "hip" regard based on "Don't mess a thing," while in those days there even used to be movies of Wallace Berry turning over in bed on a rainy morning and saying: "Aw gee, I'm goin' back to sleep, I ain't" continued



gonna miss anything anyway." And he never missed a thing. Today we hear of "creative contributions to society" and nobody dares sleep out a whole rainy day or dares think they'll not really miss anything.

That whistling walk I tell you about, that was the way grown-up men used to walk out to Dracut Tigers Field in Lowell, Mass. on Saturdays and Sundays just to go see a kids' sandlot football game. In the cold winds of November, there they are, men and boys, sidelines, some run's even made a homemade sideline chain with two pegs to measure the downs, that is to say, the gains. In football when your team gains over ten yards they get another four chances to gain ten more. Somebody has to keep tabs by rushing out on the field when it's close and measuring accurately how much ground is left. For that you have to have two guys holding each end of the chain by the two pegs, and they have to know how to run out according to parallel instinct. Today I doubt if anybody in the Mandala Monia Meshed-Up world knows what parallel means, except brilliant nuts in college mathematics, surveyors, carpenters, etc.

So here comes this mob of carefree men and boys too, even girls and quite a few mothers, hiking a mile across the meadow of Dracut Tigers Field just to see their boys play football in an up-and-down uneven field with no goalposts, measured off for a hundred yards more or less by a pine tree on one end and a peg on the other.

But in my first sandlot game in 1935, about October, no such crowd: it was early Saturday morning, my gang had challenged the so-and-so team from Rosemont, yes, in fact it was the Dracut Tigers (us) versus the Rosemont Tigers, Tigers everywhere, we'd challenged them in *The Lowell Sun* newspaper in a little article written in by our team captain Scootie Boldieu and edited by myself: "The Dracut Tigers, age 13 to 15, challenge any football team age 13 to 15, to a game in Dracut Tigers field or any field Saturday morning." It was no official league or anything, just kids, and yet the bigger fellows showed up to keep measurement of the yardage with their chain and pegs.

In this game, although I was probably the youngest player on the field, I was also the only big one, in the football sense of bigness, i.e., thick legs and heavy body. I scored nine touchdowns and we won 60-0 after missing three points after. I thought, from that morning on, I would be scoring touchdowns like that all my life and never be touched or tackled, but the serious football was coming up that following week when the bigger fellows who hung around my father's pool hall and bowling alley at the Pawtucketville Social Club decided to show us something about bashing heads. Their reason, some of them, to show, was that my father kept throwing them out of the club because they never had a nickel for a Coke or a game of pool or a dime for a string of bowling, and just hung around smoking with their legs stuck out, blocking the passage of the real habitués who came there to play. Little

I knew of what was coming up, that morning after the nine touchdowns, as I rushed up to my bedroom and wrote down by hand, in neat print, a big newspaper headline and story announcing **DRACUT SCORES 9 TOUCHDOWNS AS DRACUT CLOWNS ROSEMONT 0-0!** This newspaper, the only copy, I sold for 3 cents to Nick Rigolopoulos, my only customer. Nick was a sick man of about 35 who liked to read my newspaper since he had nothing else to do and was soon to be in a wheelchair.

Come the big game, when, as I say, men with hands-in-pockets came a-whistling and laughing across the field, with wives, daughters, gangs of other men, boys, all to line up along the sidelines, to watch the sensational Dracut Tigers try on a tough team.

Fact is, the "pool hall" team averaged the ages of 16 to 18. But I had some tough boys in my line. I had Iddyboy Bissonette as my center, who was bigger and older than I was but preferred not to run in the backfield, liked, instead, the bingbang inside the line, to open holes for the runners. He was hard as a rock and would have been one of the greatest linemen in the history of Lowell High football later on if his marks had not averaged E, or D-minus. My quarterback was the clever strong little Scootie Boldieu who could pass beautifully (and was a wonderful pitcher in baseball later). I had another wiry strong kid called Billy Arnaud who could really hit a runner and when he did so, bragged about it for a week. I had others less effective, like Dicky Humphreys who one morning actually played in his best suit (at right end) because he was on his way to a wedding, and was afraid to get his suit dirty so let nobody touch him and touched no one. I had G. J. Rigolopoulos who was pretty good when he got sore. For the big game I managed to recruit Bong Baudoin from the now-defunct Rosemont Tigers and he was strong. But we were all 13 and 14.

On the kickoff I caught the ball and ran in and got swarmed under by the big boys. In the pickup, with me underneath clutching the ball, suddenly 17-year-old Halmalo, the poolhall kickout, was punching me in the face under cover of the bodies and saying to his pals "Get the little Christ of a Delano."

My father was on the sidelines and saw it. He strode up and down puffing on his cigar, face red with rage. (I'm going to write like this to simplify matters.) After three downs we have to punt, so, the safety man of the older boys runs back a few yards and it's their first down. I tell Iddyboy Bissonette about the punch in the pickup. They make their first play and somebody in the older boys' line gets up with a bloody nose. Everybody's mad.

On the next play Halmalo receives the ball from center and starts walking around his left end, long-legged and thin, with good interference, thinking he's going to go all the way against these punk kids. Running low, I come up, so low his interference thinks in their exultation that I'm fallen on my knees, and when they split a bit to go hit oth-



ers to open the way for Halmalo, I dive through that hole and come up on him head on, and drive him some ten yards back, sliding on his ass with the ball scattered into the sidelines and himself out like a light.

He's carried off the field unconscious.

I wanted to go to college and somehow I knew my father would never be able to afford to send me, as it turned out to be true. I, of all things, wanted to end up on a campus somewhere smoking a pipe, with a button-down sweater, like Bing Crosby serenading a coed in the moonlight down the old On Road as the strains of alma mater song come from the frat house. This was our dream, gleaned from going to the Rialto Theater and seeing movies. The further dream was to graduate from college and become a big insurance salesman wearing a gray felt hat getting off the train in Chicago with a briefcase and being embraced by a blonde wife on the platform, in the smoke and soot of the big city hum and excitement. Can you picture what this would be like today? What with air pollution and all, and the ulcers of the corporate, and the ads in Time magazine, and our nowadays highways with cars zipping along by the millions in

all directions in and around rotaries from one ulceration of the joy of the spirit to the other? And then I pictured myself, college grad, insurance success, growing old with my wife in a paneled house where hang my moose heads from successful Labradorian hunting expeditions and I'm sipping bourbon from my liquor cabinet with white hair I bless my son to the next mess of sheer heart attack (as I see it now).

As we binged and binged in dusty bloody fields we didn't even dream we'd all end up in World War II, some of us killed, some of us wounded, the rest of us evicted out of 1930s innocent arbitrariness.

The next step was to pick a college. My mother insisted on Columbia because she eventually wanted to move there to New York City and see the big town. My father wanted me to go to Boston College because his employers, Callahan Printers of Lowell, were promising him a

promotion if he could persuade me to go there and play under Francis Fahey. They also hinted he'd be fired if I went to any other college. Fahey, as I say, was at the house, and I have in my possession today a postcard he wrote Callahan saying: "Get Jack to Boston College at all costs." (More or less.) But I wanted to go to New York City too and see the big town, what on earth was I expected to learn from Newton Heights or South Bend, Indiana on Saturday nights and besides I'd seen so many movies about New York I was... well no need to go into that, the waterfront, Central Park, Fifth Avenue, Don Ameche on the

sidewalk, Hedy Lamarr on my arm at the Ritz. I agreed my mother was right as usual. She not only told me to leave Maggie Cassidy at home and go on to New York to school but rushed to McQuade's and bought big sport jacket and ties and shirts out of her pitiful shoe shop savings that she kept in her closet, and arranged for me to board with her stepmother in Brooklyn in a nice big room with high ceiling and privacy so I could study and make good grades and get my sleep for the big football games. There were big arguments in the kitchen. My father was fired. He went downtrodden to work in places out of town, always riding sooty old

trains back to Lowell on weekends. His only happiness in life now, in a way, considering the hissing of the old radiators in old cockroach hotel rooms of New England in the winter, was that I make good and justify him anyway.

That he was fired is of course a scandal and something about Callahan Printers I haven't forgotten and is another black plane in my hat of "success." For after all, what is success? You kill yourself and a few others to get to the top of your profession, so to speak, so that when you reach middle age or a little later you can stay home and cultivate your own garden in bliss; but by that time, because you've invented some kind of better mousetrap, mobs come rushing across your garden and trampling all your flowers. What's with that?

First, Columbia arranged to have me go to prep school in New York to make up credits in math and French, subjects overlooked by myself at Lowell High School. Big

continued



deal, I couldn't speak anything but French till I was six, so naturally I was in for an "A" right there. Math was basic, a Carusack can always count. The prep school was really an advanced high school called Horace Mann School for boys, founded I s'pose by odd old Horace Mann, and a fine school it was, with ivy on granite walls, awards, running tracks, tennis courts, gym, jolly principals and teachers, all on a high hill overlooking Van Cortlandt Park in New York City upper Manhattan. Well, since you've never been there why bother with the details except to say it was at 246th Street in New York City and I was living with my stepgrandmother in Brooklyn, New York, a daily trip of one hour and a half by subway each way.

Nothing detours young punk kids, not even today; here's how I managed it: a typical day:

First evening before first day of school I'm sitting at my large table set in the middle of my high ceilinged room, stately erect in the chair, with pen in hand, books ranged before me and held up by noble bronze bookends found in the cellar. It is completely formal beginning of my search for success. I write: "Journal. Fall, 1939. Sept. 21. My name is John L. Dulucio, regardless of how little that may matter to the casual reader. However, I find it necessary to give some pretense of explanation for the material existence of this Journal" and other such schoolboy stuff, followed by "And I will give some sort of apology for using pen and ink." ("Harrumph!" I'm thinking. "Egads! Zeurdis, Penderbrooke!") And then I add in ink: "It seems that such men as Thackeray, Johnson, Dickens, and others had to compile vast volumes in pen and ink, and despite the fact that I not modestly admit some degree of proficiency in typewriting, I feel that I should not proceed in my literary ventures with such ease as would baffle a typewriter. I feel that a recurrence to the old method would sort of leave a silent tribute to those old gladiators, those immortal souls of journalism. Stay! I am not in any way suggesting that I am included in their fold, but that what was good enough for them should by all means suit me."

This done, I go downstairs to the basement where my great stepmother Aunt Ti Ma has fixed up her place like a combination of gypsy with drapes and hanging beads in doorways and lace dollies Victorian style, a thousand dolls, comfort, beautiful, clean, neat chairs, reading her paper, big fat happy Ti Ma. Her husband is Nick the Greek, Evangelakis, whom she met and married in Nashua, N.H. after the death of my own mother's Pa. Her daughter Yvonne, blue-eyed, companion of her mother, married to Joey Robert who comes home every night at eleven with the *Daily News* from a trucking warehouse job and gets in his T shirt at the kitchen table and reads. Down there they have for me all the time great vast glasses of milk and beautiful sand tart cakes from Cushman's of Brooklyn. They say "Go to bed early now, Jacky, school and practice tomorrow. You know what your Mama said,

gotta make good." But before I go to bed, full of cake and ice cream, I make my lunch for the next day: always the same: I butter one sandwich plain and the other peanut butter and jam, and throw in a fruit, either apple or banana, and wrap it up nice and put it in bag. Then Nick, Uncle Nick, takes me by the arm and says "When you have more time I tell you some more about Father Coughlin. If you want some more books, there are many more in the cellar. Look this one." He hands me a dusty old Jules Romains novel called "Ecstasy," no I think it was "Rapture." I take it upstairs and add it to my library. My room is separated from Aunt Yvonne's by nothing but a huge double glass door but the gypsy drapes are there. My own room has a disusable marble fireplace, a little sink in an alcove, and a huge bed. Out the vast Brooklyn Thomas Wolfe windows I see exactly what Wolfe always saw, even in that very month: old red light falling on Brooklyn warehouse windows where men lean out of silks in undershirts chewing on toothpicks while taking a break.

I set up my neatly pressed pants, sports jacket, school books, shoes in place together neatly, socks over that, wash and go to bed. I set the alarm clock for, listen to this, 6 a.m.

At 6 a.m. I groan and get out, wash, dress, go downstairs, take that lunch bag and rush out into the pippin' red nippy streets of Brooklyn and go three blocks to the JRT subway at the El on Fulton Street. Down I go and push into the subway with hundreds of people carrying newspapers and lunch bags. I stand all the way to Times Square, threequarter solid hour, every blessed morning. But what does young daghead do about it? I whip out my math book and do all my homework while standing, lunch between feet. I always find a corner where I can sorta guard my lunch between feet and where I can lean and turn and study with face to lurching car wall. What a stink in there, of hundreds of mouths breathing and no air; the tickening perfume of women; the well-known garlic breath of Old New York; old men coughing and secretly spitting between their feet. Who lived through it? Everybody.

By the time we're at Times Square, or maybe Penn Station at 34th just before that, most people rush out, to midtown work, and ah, I get the usual corner seat and start in on the physics studies. Now it's easy sailing. At 12nd Street we pick up another slew of workers headed for uptown Manhattan and Bronx work but I don't care anymore, I've got a seat. I turn to the French book and read all those funny French words we never speak in Canadian French, I have to consult and look them up in the glossary in back, I think with anticipation how Professor Carton of French class will laugh at my accent this morning as he asks me to get up and read a spate of prose. The other kids however read French like Spanish coves and he actually uses me to teach them the true accent. Now you'd think I'm close to school but from 96th Street we go past

*continued*



# THE WATERPROOF BOURBON

Antique has a lot going for it. Rare, rewarding aroma you can't drown by mixing. Rich, nutty flavor that won't be watered down. That's why The Waterproof Bourbon is a source of so much pleasure compared to the others. You ought to tap it.

**ANTIQUE...undiluted pleasure**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 50 PROOF • 4 YEARS OLD  
BANKHART DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Columbia College, we go into Harlem, past Harlem, way up, another hour, till the subway emerges from the tunnel (as though by nature it was impossible for it to go underground so long) and goes soaring to the very end of the line in Yonkers practically.

Near school? No, because there I have to go down the elevated steps and then start up a steep hill about as steep as 45 degrees or a little less, a tremendous climb. By now all the other kids are with me, puffing, blowing steam of morning, so that from 6 a.m. when I got up in Brooklyn till now, 8:30, it's been 2½ hours of negotiating my way to actual class.

Now the football field. Practice. We don our regalia, as Don Regalis, the sports writer, always says in *The New York Sun*, and we come out. Of all things and to behold, the coach of Horace Mann, Ump Mayhew, is going to let me start every game and is also going to let me do the punting and even a little passing. It seems he thinks I'm okay. . . .

We showered after practice, dressed up and went our various ways, me down the hill to the subway with my books, bore weary of course, dark over the roofs of upper Manhattan, the long El ride dipping down into the subway, zoom down through old Manhattans, me thinking "What's up there above this hole? Why, it's sparkling Manhattan, shows, restaurants, newspaper scoops, Times Square, Wall Street, Edward G. Robinson chomping on a cigar in Chinatown." But I had to stick to my guns and ride all the way to Brooklyn and get off there, trudge to Ma's rooming house and there was my huge steaming supper, 8:30, almost time for bed already and of course no time to do any homework.

On Armistice Day, next game, my Pop, Ernie Dulane, came down all the way from Lowell just to see me play against Garden City, in Long Island, and also to check on how my studies were going, how the situation was in the boarding house in Brooklyn, to go see a few shows, eat a few New York steaks, take me out to see the town and generally amuse himself. Naturally I wanted to show off for Pop. Funny man that he is, and used to locker rooms as a former wrestling and boxing promoter around Lowell, he hung around as we changed and joked with us, and the coaches didn't mind one bit and my father's presence amused the rest of the team. "That kooky Dulane's got a hell of a nice father." None of their own fathers ever dared to come in the locker room. We went out and took the field against poor Garden City and somewhat hurt them, if you ask me. For instance at one point, after throwing a block for Bill Quinlan, I look up from the ground and see his big feet plowing toward about 20 yards with his head down, over the goal line, knocking kids aside in every direction. And a few plays later, to show off to my father and remind him again, some poor Garden City kid is waltzing around his left end precisely as Halmalo had

done, but he a stranger in this case, I pull the same trick, come up full speed, low, get inside his interference and hit him head on in a legitimate and clean tackle at the knees that knocks him back ten feet. Off the field on a stretcher.

Now I begin to feel bad about football and war. And showing off. But after the game (HM 27, Garden City 6) my father is beaming and all delighted. "Come on Jacky me boy, we're going out and hit the town tonight." So we go down to Jack Delaney's steak restaurant on Sheridan Square, myself little knowing how much time I was destined to spend around that Square, in Greenwich Village, in darker years, but tenderer years, to come.

Come graduation time I had no money to buy a white suit so I just sat in the grass in back of the gym and read Walt Whitman with a leaf of grass in my mouth while the ceremonies were going on in the field, with flags. Then when it was over I came over and joined everybody, shook hands all around, graduated with a 92 average, and rode downtown with Mike Hennessey and his mother to his apartment on the Columbia campus, 116th and Broadway, which was going to be my campus in the fall after a summer in Lowell.

Some old buddies, the Ladeau brothers, proposed to drive me to New York for my freshman year at Columbia because they were going to see the World's Fair at Flushing Meadow and might as well take me along for the ride and I could help with the gas instead of taking a bus. And who comes along, riding in the rumble seat in back of the old 1935 coupe, hair blowing in the wind, singing "Whooooo here we come New York!" if it wasn't my old Pop himself, Ernie. Me and 350 pounds of Pop and baggage in a rumble seat, all the way with the car veering here, veering there, I guess from the unsuitable disposition of weight in the back, all the way to Manhattan, 116th Street, Columbia campus, where me and Pa got out with my gear and went into my dormitory, Hartley Hall.

What dreams you get when you think you're going to go to college. Here we stood in this sort of drear room overlooking Amsterdam Avenue, a wooden desk, bed, chairs, bare walls, and one huge cockroach suddenly rushing off. Furthermore, in walks a little kid with glasses wearing a blue skull cap and announces he will be my room-mate for the year and that he is a pledge with the W. Delta Woodrow fraternity and that's the skull cap. "When they rush you you'll have to wear one too." But I was already devising means of changing my room on account of that cockroach and others I saw later, bigger.

Never in my life have I ever seen such a bum team as the Columbia freshmen. The coach was Ruffe Firmy who had made his mark at Columbia as a very good back who'd made a sensational run against Navy that won the game in 1934 or so. He was a good man, I liked Ruffe, but he

continued

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seemed to keep warning me about something all the time and whenever the big coach, famous Lu Libble, went by, all sartorial in one of his 300 suits, he never even gave me the once-over.

The fact of the matter is, Lu Libble was very famous because in his very first year as coach of Columbia, using a system of his own devised at his alma mater, Georgetown, he won the Moody Rose Bowl against Stanford. It was such a sensational smash in the eye all over football America nobody ever got over it, but that was 1934, and here it was 1940 and he hadn't done anything noteworthy since with his team and went clear into the 1950s doing nothing further either. I think it was that bunch of players he had in 1934 who carried him over: Cliff Montgomery, Al Barabas, et al., and the surprise of that crazy K-F-79 play of his that took everybody a year to understand. It was simply . . . well I had to run it, anyway, and you'll understand it when we run it.

So here I am out with the Columbia freshman team and I see I'm not going to be a starter. Will admit one thing, I wasn't being encouraged, and psychologically this made me feel lackadaisical and my putting, for instance, fell off. I couldn't get off a good kick anymore and they didn't believe in the quick kick. I guess they didn't believe in touch-downs either. We practiced at Baker Field in the old field in back. At dusk you could see the lights of New York across the Harlem River, it was right smack in the middle of New York City, even tobacco went by in the Harlem River, a great bridge crossed it full of cars, I couldn't understand what had gone wrong.

One great move I made was to switch my dormitory room from Hartley Hall to Livingston Hall where there were no cockroaches and where b'God I had a room all to myself, on the second floor, overlooking the beautiful trees and walkways of the campus and overlooking, to my greatest delight, besides the Van Ast Quadrangle, the library itself, the new one, with its stone frieze running around entire with the names engraved in stone forever: "Goethe . . . Voltaire . . . Shakespeare . . . Moliere . . . Dante." That was more like it. Lighting my fragrant pipe at 8 p.m., I'd open the pages of my homework, turn on station WQXR for the continual classical music, and sit them, in the golden glow of my lamp, in a sweater, sigh and say "Well now I'm a collegian at last."

Only trouble is, the first week of school my job began as a dishwasher in the dining room cafeteria sinks: this was to pay for my meals. Secondly, classes. Thirdly, homework: i.e., read Heuer's *Ibid* in three days and then the *Odyssey* in three more. Finally, go to football practice at four in the afternoon and return to my room at eight, eating voracious suppers right after at the training table in John Jay Hall upstairs. (Plenty of milk, plenty of meat, dry toast, that was good.)

But who on earth in his right mind can think that

anybody can do all these things in one week? And get some sleep? And rest was torn muscles? "Well," said they, "this is the Ivy League son, this is no college or group of colleges where you get a Cadillac and some money just because you play football, and remember you're on a Columbia University Club scholarship and you've got to get good marks. They can't feed you free, it's against the Ivy League rules against preference for athletes." In fact, though, the entire Columbia football gang, both varsity and freshmen, had B averages. It was true. We had to work like Trojans to get our education and the old white-haired trainer used to intone "All for glory, me boys, all for glory."

It was the work in the cafeteria that bothered me, because on Sundays it was closed and nobody who worked got to eat anything. I s'pose in this case we were s'posed to eat at the homes of friends in New York City or New Jersey or get food money from home. Some scholarship.

I did get invited to dinner, formally, with a big formal card, by the Dean of Columbia College, old Dean Hawkes, in the house on Morningside Drive or thereabouts, right near the house of Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia. Here, all dressed up in Ma's best McQuade-Lowell-selected sports coat, with white shirt and tie and pressed slacks (the cleaner was on Amsterdam across the street), I sat and ate my soup by gently lifting the saucer away from me, spooning away from me, smiled politely, hair perfectly combed, showed naive interest in jokes and awe in the Dean's serious moments. The entrée was meat but I cut it delicately. I had the best table manners in those days because my sister Ti Nin had trained me back in Lowell for these past several years, she was a fan of Emily Post's. When, after dinner, the Dean got up and showed me (and the three other special lads) his prized Discour Egg I registered actual amazement, whoever thought I'd get to see a billion-year-old-egg in the house of an old distinguished Dean. I say house, it was a sumptuous apartment. He then wrote a note to my mother saying: "Your son, John L. Dufour, may I say with pride, Mrs. Dufour, has absolutely the best and most charming table manners it has ever been my pleasure to enjoy at my dinner table." (Something like that.) She never forgot that. She told Pa. He said "Good boy," though when Pa and I used to eat late-night snacks in Lowell it was eggs this way, butter that way, hell be damned, up on the ceiling, EAT.

But I loved Dean Hawkes, everybody did, he was an old, short, bespectacled old fud with glee in his eyes. Him and his egg. . .

The opening game of the season the freshman team traveled to New Brunswick, N.J. for a game against Rutgers freshmen. This was Saturday, October 12, 1940, and as our vastly defeated Dartmouth 20-6, we went down there and I sat on the bench and we lost 18-7. The little daily

paper of the college said: *FAVORITE 1969 GRID OPENER* 30 RUTGERS YEARLINGS BY 16-7 COUNT. It doesn't mention that I only got in the game in the second half, just like at Lowell High, and the article concludes with: "The Morninginsiders showed a fairly good running attack at times with Jack Duloz showing up well. . . . Outstanding in the backfield for the Columbia Fresh were Marsden (police chief's son), Runstedt and Duloz, who was probably the best back on the field."

So that in the following game, against St. Benedict's Prep, okay, now they started me.

After the Rutgers game, and Coach Libble'd heard about my running, and now his backfield coach, Cliff Battles, was interested, everybody came down to Baker Field to see the new run rat. Cliff Battles was one of the greatest football players who ever lived, in a class with Red Grange and the others, one of the greatest runners anyway. I remember as a kid, when I was 11, Pa saying suddenly one Sunday "Come on Angie, Ti Nui, Ti Jean, let's all get in the car and drive down to Boston and watch the Boston Redskins play pro football, the great Cliff Battles is running today." Because of traffic we never made it, or we were waylaid by ice cream and apples in Chalmersford, Danstable or someplace and wound up in New Hampshire visiting Grand-mère Jeanne. And in those days I kept elaborate clippings of all sports and pasted them carefully, among my own sports writings, in my notebooks, and I knew very well about Cliff Battles. Now here all of a sudden the night before the game with St. Benedict and we freshmen are practicing, here comes Cliff Battles and up to me and says "So you're the great Duloz that ran so good at Rutgers. Let's see how fast you can go."

"What do you mean?" "I'll race you to the showers, practice is over." He stood there, 6 feet 3, smiling, in his coach pants and cleated shoes and sweat jacket.

"Okay," says I and I take off like a little bird. By God I've got him by five yards as we head for the sidelines at the end of the field but here he comes with his long antelope legs behind me and just passes me under the goalposts and goes ahead five yards and stops at the shower doors, arms akimbo, saying:

"Well can't you run?"

"Aw heck your legs are longer than mine."

"You'll do all right kid," he says, pats me, and goes off laughing. "See you tomorrow," he throws back.

This made me happier than anything that had happened so far at Columbia, because also I certainly wasn't happy that I hadn't yet read the *Aiad* or the *Odyssey*, John Stuart Mill, Anachylus, Plato, Horace and everything else they were throwing at us with the dishes.

Comes the St. Benedict game, and what a big bunch of logs you never saw, they reminded me of that awful Blair team a year ago, and the Malden team in high school, big, mean looking, with grease under their eyes to shield the

glare of the sun, wearing mean looking brown-red uniforms against our sort of silly looking (if you ask me) light blue uniforms with dark blue numerals. (*Sass Sass*) is the name of the Columbia alma mater song, means "without care," humpf. And the football rallying song is *Roar Lion Roar*—sounds more like it.) Here we go, lined up on the field, on the sidelines I see that coach Lu Libble is finally there to give me the personal once-over. He's heard about the Rutgers game naturally and he's got to think of next year's backfield. He'd heard, I s'pose, that I was a kind of nutty French kid from Massachusetts with no particular football savvy like his great Italian favorites from Manhattan that were now starring on the varsity (Lu Libble's real name is Guido Pistola, he's from Massachusetts).

St. Benedict was to kick off. They lined up, I went deep into safety near the goal line as ordered, and said to myself "Screw, I'm going to show these bums how a French boy from Lowell runs, Cliff Battles and the whole bunch, and who's that old bum standing next to him? Hey Runstedt, who's that guy in the coat next to Cliff Battles there near the water can?"

"They tell me that's the coach of Army, Earl Blaik, he's just sitting away an afternoon."

Whistle blows and St. Benedict kicks off. The ball comes wobbling over and over in the air into my arms. I get it secure and head straight down the field in the direction an arrow takes, no dodging, no looking, no head down either but just straight ahead at everybody. They're all converging there in midfield in snatching blocks and pushings so they can get through one way or the other. A few of the red Benedict get through and are coming straight at me from three angles but the angles are narrow because I've made sure of that by coming in straight as an arrow down the very middle of the field. So that by the time I reach midfield where I'm going to be clobbered and smothered by 11 guys I give them no look at all, still, but head right into them: they gather up arms to smother me: it's psychological. They never dream I'm really rooting up in my head the plan so suddenly (as I do) dart off, bang to the right, leaving them all there bumbling for air. I run as fast as I can, which I could do very well with a heavy football uniform, as I say, because of thick legs, and had trackman speed, and before you know it I'm going down the sidelines all alone with the whole 21 other guys of the ball game all befuddling around in midfield and turning to follow me. I hear whoops from the sidelines. I go and I go. I'm down to the 30, the 20, the 10, I hear huffing and puffing behind me, I look behind me and there's that self-same old long-legged end catchin' up on me, like Cliff Battles done, and by the time I'm over the 5 he lays a big hand on the scruff of my neck and lays me down on the ground. A 90-yard runback.

I see Lu Libble and Cliff Battles, and Rolfe Finney our coach too, rubbing their hands with oal and dancing little

*continued*

Hider dances on the sidelines. But naturally by now I'm out of breath and that dopey squareback wants me to make my own touchdowns. I just can't make it. I want to controvert his order but you're not supposed to. I puff into the line and get buried on the 5. Then he, Rumsfeldt, tries it, and the big St. Ben's line buries him, and then we ruin the next two downs too and are stopped on the 3 and have to fall back for the St. Benedict punt.

By now I've got my wind again and I'm ready for another go. But the punt that's sent to me is so high, spirally, perfect, I see it's going to take an hour for it to fall down in my arms and I should really raise my arm for a fair catch and touch it down to the ground and start our team from there. But no, vain Jack, even though I hear the huffing and puffing of the two despicable men practically on my toes, I catch the ball free catch and practically say "Alley Oop" as I feel their four big hands squeeze like vices around my ankles, two on each, and puffing with pride I do the complete vicious twist of my whole body so that I can undo their grip and move on. But their St. Benedict grips have me rooted to where I am as if I were a tree, or an iron pole. I do the complete tamaround twist and hear a loud crack and it's my leg breaking. They let me fall back depressed gently on the turf and look at me and say to each other "The only way to get Alex, don't miss (more or less)."

I'm helped off the field limping.

I go into the showers and undress and the trainer massages my right calf and says "O a little sprain won't hurt you, next week it's Princeton and we'll give them the old one-two again Jacky boy."

But it was a broken leg, a cracked tibia, like if you cracked a bone about the size of a pencil and the pencil was still stuck together except for that hairline crack, meaning if you wrenched you could just break the pencil in half with a twist of two fingers. But nobody knew this. That entire week they told me I was a sofly and to get going and run around and stop limping. They had liniments, this and that, I tried to run, I ran and practiced and ran but the limp got worse. Finally they sent me off to Columbia Medical Center, took X-rays, and found out I had broken my tibia in the right leg and that I had been spending a week running on a broken leg.

You just can't run off a broken leg. Of course, old Lu Lybble didn't know that the leg was broken, but even so I felt he had some kind of bug against me. He was always hating I was a norgood and with those big legs he ought to put me in the line and make "a watch charm guard" out of me.

That next summer came the time when my father, who'd been working out of town as a linotypist, sometimes at Andover, Mass., sometimes Boston, sometimes Meriden, Conn., now had a steady job lined up at New Haven, Conn., and it was decided we move there. My sister by

now was married. As we were packing, I went about and wrote sad songs about "picking up my stakes and rolling." But that wasn't the point.

One night my cousin Blanche came to the house and sat in the kitchen talking to Ma among the packing boxes. I sat on the porch outside and leaned way back with feet on rail and gazed at the stars for the first time in my life. A clear August night, the stars, the Milky Way, the whole works clear. I stared and stared till they stared back at me. Where the hell was I and what was all this?

I went into the parlor and sat down in my father's old deep easy chair and fell into the wildest daydream of my life.

As Ma and Cousin talked in the kitchen, I daydreamed that I was now going to go back to Columbia for my sophomore year, with home in New Haven, maybe near Yale campus, with soft light in room and rain on the sill, mist on the pane, and go all the way in football and studies. I was going to be such a sensational runner that we'd win every game, against Dartmouth, Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Georgia U., Michigan U., Cornell, the bloody lot, and wind up in the Rose Bowl. In the Rose Bowl, worse even than Cliff Montgomery, I was going to run wild. Uncle Lu Lybble for the first time in his life would throw his arms around me and weep. Even his wife would do so. The boys on the team would raise me up in Rose Bowl's Pasadena stadium and march me to the showers singing. On returning to Columbia campus in January, having passed chemistry with an A, I would then idly turn my attention to winter indoor track and decide on the mile and run it in under 4 flat (that was fast in those days). So fast, indeed, that I'd be in the big meets at Madison Square Garden and beat the current great riders in final fantastic sprints bringing my time down to 3:50 flat. By this time everybody in the world is crying Duhah! Duhah! But, unsatisfied, I idly go out in the spring for the Columbia baseball team and bat home runs clear over the Harlem River, one or two a game, including fast breaks from the bag to steal from first to second, from second to third, and finally, in the climactic game, from third to home, zip, slide, dust, boom. Now the New York Yankees are after me. They want me to be their next Joe DiMaggio. I idly turn that down because I want Columbia to go to the Rose Bowl again in 1943. Hah. But then I also, in mad midnight musings over a Faustian skull, after drawing circles in the earth, talking to God in the tower of the Gothic church steeple of Riverside cathedral, meeting Jesus on the Brooklyn Bridge, getting friend Sabby a part on Broadway as Hamlet (playing King Lear myself across the street), I become the greatest writer that ever lived and write a book so golden and so purchased with magic that everybody cracks their brows on Madison Avenue. Even Professor Claire is chasing after me on his crutches on the Columbia campus. Mike Hennessey, his father's hand in hand, comes screaming up the dorm steps



to find me. All the kids of HM are singing in the field. Bravo, bravo, warher, they're yelling for me in the theater where I've also presented my newest idle work, a play rivaling Eugene O'Neill and Maxwell Anderson and making Strindberg spin. Finally, a delegation of cigar chewing gays come and get me and want to know if I want to train for the world heavyweight boxing championship fight with Joe Louis. Okay, I train idly in the Catskills, come down on a June night, face big tall Joe as the referee gives us instructions, and then, when the bell rings, I rush out real fast and just pepper him real fast and so hard that he actually goes back bouncing over the ropes and into the third row and lays there knocked out.

I'm the world heavyweight boxing champion, the greatest writer, the world's champ rifle, Rose Bowl and (pro-bowd with New York Giants football mumpencil) now offered every job on every paper in New York, and what else? Tennis anyone?

I woke up from this daydream realizing that all I had to do was go back on the porch and look at the stars again, which I did, and still they just stared at me blankly.

I began to see that good old Lu Libble wasn't going to start me in the starting lineup my sophomore year but let me sit on the bench while Liam McDermud and Spider Barth, who were seniors, wore out their seniority. Now they were shifty and oily runners but not as fast or strong as I was. That didn't matter to Lu Libble. He insulted me in front of everybody again by saying: "You're not such a hot ranner, you can't handle the KJ-79 reverse deception" (as if I'd joined football for "deception" for God's sake), "first thing you know, you with your big legs" (they weren't that big), "I'm going to make you a line-man."

"Now run and do that reverse."

With my eyes I said "I can't run any faster these first two days, my legs are sore."

Never mind, he said with his eyes, patting me in mind of the time he made me run on a broken leg for a week.

At night, after those meaningless big suppers of steak and milk and dry toast, I began to realize this: "Lu Libble won't let you start this year, not even in the Army game against your great enemy Art Janar (who pushed me out of the showers when I was a kid in Lowell High but got his correspondence from Grestes Gringus), and not even maybe next year as a junior, he wants to make a big hero out of his Italian Mike Romanino, well Mike is a great passer but he runs like Pussyka, like an old cow. And Hank Full's leaving. The hell with it. What'll I do?"

I stared into the darkness of the bunk rooms thinking what to do.

"Ah shucks, go into the American night, the Thomas Wolfe darkness, the hell with these big-shot football coaches, go after being an American writer, tell the truth, don't be pushed around by them or anybody else or any

of their goons. . . . The Ivy League is just an excuse to get football players for nothing and get them to be American cornballs enough to make America sick for a thousand years. You shoulda stuck to Francis Fahey. . . ."

Well I can't remember what I was thinking altogether but all I know is that the next night, after dinner, I packed all my gear in my suitcase and snartered down the steps right in front of Lu Libble's table where he was sitting with his assistant coaches figuring out plays. My bones were rasping against my muscles from the oversteering; I leaped. "Where are you going Dakota?"

"Going over to my grandmother's house in Brooklyn and dump some of this clothes."

"It's Saturday night. Be back by tomorrow at eight. You gonna sleep there?"

"Yeh."

"Be back by eight. We're going to have a light calenderics, you know the part where you get on your back and turn your skull to the grass and roll around so you won't get your foot neck broken in a game?"

"Yes sir."

"Be back at eight. What you got in there?"

"Junk. Presents from home, dirty laundry. . . ."

"We got a laundry here."

"There's presents, letters, stuff, Coach."

"Okay, back at eight."

And I went out and took the subway down to Brooklyn with all my gear, whipped out a few dollars from the suitcase, said goodbye to Uncle Nick saying I was going back to Baker Field, walked down the hot September streets of Brooklyn hearing Franklin Delano Roosevelt's speech about "I Hate War" coming out of every barbershop in Brooklyn, took the subway to the 8th Avenue Greyhound bus station, and bought a ticket to the South.

I wanted to see the Southland and start my career as an American careerer.

END



# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by JONATHAN RODGERS

## THE EAST 1 ST. BONAVENTURE (9-0) 2. COLUMBIA (7-3) 3. SIMPLY (8-2)

It was a fitting finale for the last ECAC Holiday Festival in the old Madison Square Garden. For the first time in the 16-year history of the tournament it was an all-New York City championship game. Columbia, the intellectual's Cinderella team, had crushed West Virginia 98-71 in the opening round and, in the semifinals, had vanquished Louisville 74-67. In that game the Lions' 7-foot center, Dave Newman, contributed a hook shot and two clutch free throws in the last 2:06 to take Columbia from a 66-67 deficit to a 93-87 lead.

St. John's, 11 miles from the Columbia campus, had made the finals by beating Syracuse 63-35 and Boston College 60-57.

Then, before 10,811 enthralled and rivetted New Yorkers, Columbia upset the Redmen, 60-55. The Lions gave a magnificent performance from sophomore Jon McMillan, who scored 20 of his 25 points in the second half, mostly on long jump shots and quick turn-around layups. After the buzzer sounded, the Columbia students started the ritual chant, "We're No. 1!" They knew

they weren't No. 1 in the nation, but they were No. 1 in New York and that was enough.

Before the Quaker City Tournament got underway in Philadelphia, Temple's Joe Cramer told his coach, Harry Lewack, that he was getting a bit confused out on the court. Lewack immediately sent Cramer to the bench, shifted 6'4" Clarence Brooks to forward from guard and put Tony Brooks in the backcourt. The moves helped the Dials snap three games and capture their first Quaker City title since the tournament began in 1961. Temple shipped Philadelphia 93-63 in the first game, upset Westchester 82-80 in the semifinals and defeated St. Francis 83-77 in the title game. Brooks accounted for 71 points and 45 rebounds in the three games, the best series of his career. "The trouble with me before," he said, "was that all I had to do was to miss a couple of shots and I'd forget about the basket for the rest of the evening. Then I saw Calvin Murphy on television. He's the best there is and if he can miss shots and not let it bother him, I am sure I can do the same."

Midwestern visitor Drake is not exactly the gracious guest. The Bulldogs have yet to lose a game in Buffalo's Queen City Tournament. They easily won their fourth title by defeating host Canisius 83-48.

The Brown Indians of St. Bonaventure continued unbeaten as they shot over 50%. For the eighth time in nine games in defeating Baldwin-Wallace 81-69.

## THE MIDWEST 1. CINCINNATI (7-2) 2. IOWA (6-1) 3. MARQUETTE (6-2)

Kansas, overwhelmingly favored to win its fourth straight Big Eight Tournament, wound up playing Missouri for fifth place in the championship game matched Kansas State and Nebraska. The Jayhawks were shocked in the first round by Oklahoma State. Henry Iba's pupils performing in their well-drilled style. After grabbing a 10-point lead in the first half, State came back with a spread offense. As the clock ticked on, Kansas, in desperation, came out after the Cowboys, which is just what Iba wanted. State made 13 of 19 field-goal attempts, 12 on drives. "Possibly Kansas underestimated us," said Iba tactfully after the 79-67 victory.

The title game pitted Kansas State's size and zone defense against Nebraska's speed. "We saw no way to get inside on them,"

said Hasker Coach Joe Cipraro, sporting a flaming-scarlet linen jacket. "So we had to rely on the outside shooting of Stuart Lantz and Tom Black." Both came through beautifully as Black got 28 points, Lantz 21, and Nebraska won 66-62.

Kansas State had reached the finals by beating Missouri 71-61, and two nights earlier staged a tough race with speed-master coverage on accurate outside shooting. Pat Frankie defeated Colorado 74-69.

Nebraska's route to the title was more difficult. Outscored from the field by Oklahoma, the Huskers made 27 of 39 free throws, including 23 in a row, to win 75-85. The next night they gave Oklahoma State a taste of Iba's own medicine as they played deliberate ball throughout the game. With the score tied at 46, Nebraska stalled for two minutes and 43 seconds and won on a rebound shot by Bob Gonsopp. That time the Cowboys hit on 16 of 38 free throw attempts.

Powerful Cincinnati was in 12th straight game and the second this year from Dayton, as the Bearcats pored the Flyers' zone continuously for an 82-68 victory. Toledo took a giant step toward its second consecutive MAC title when the Rockets stopped their leading rival, Marshall, 102-87. Earlier in the week Toledo experimented with Morris-Harvey and won 98-76. Coach Bobby Nichols had Center Steve Mix at forward, Forward John Brinker on the bench, 7-foot sophomore Doug Hess at the point and Don White at guard, filling in for playmaker Willie Robinson, who had become scholastically ineligible. But when Marshall came to town, Nichols had Mix back at the post and Brinker in the front court, and both showed him that's where they prefer to play. Brinker scored 35 points and Mix added 30.

Everyone in Detroit expected, and hoped, that Niagara's Calvin Murphy would score 100 points. That is, everyone except the opposing teams in the Motor City Tournament. Valparaiso met Niagara in the first round, and Calvin got 41 as the Crusaders tied a season-max on him. After three minutes the man guarding Murphy had three personal fouls. The rest of the Purple Eagles were also hot and they won easily, 113-82. The next night, however, Calvin scored only 29 points as host Detroit kept him outside with a tight zone defense. With Murphy relatively silent, Detroit won the title game 102-91.

Michigan sophomore Forward Rudy Tomjanovich was in an auto accident on Monday, could hardly walk on Tuesday, but, miraculously, he recovered enough on Wednesday to score 21 points and grab 10 rebounds while leading the Wolverines to their first victory in their new arena, 93-79 over Butler. Three days later the Wolverines defeated Northern Illinois 84-77.



ON THE WAY TO HIS MVP, Jon McMillan tops up two against St. John's in ECAC final.

## THE SOUTH | VANDERBILT (9-1) 2, NORTH CAROLINA (7-1) 3, KENTUCKY (3-1)

After winning their fifth straight Vanderbilt Invitational Tournament before Christmas, the Commodores added to their holiday cheer with a happy New Year or New Orleans by beating Davidson 80-67 in the finals of the Sugar Bowl Tournament. Unlike an earlier meeting between the same teams, which went into overtime before Vanderbilt won by two points, this time the Commodores opened a big lead in the second half behind the shooting of Bo Weyant and Tom Hagan and held on to win easily. Hagan finished with 26 points and Weyant had 23. The night before, in the opening round, Tennessee passed the Commodores twice. "We knew even Michigan State coach Dick Bennett, Mike Mailes, was leading us to a 33-44 victory over deliberate Memphis State."

Alabama, fresh from winning the Maholi Classic with a 90-83 victory over Tulane, got its chance to showcase the nation's top V-M-J tripartite. Foster Pate, Matt Smith and in a manner of speaking, succeeded. The slender sophomore was held to his lowest total of the year, 30 points, but the other Tigers more than took up the slack and LSU won 81-70. Not since 1931 have the Georgia Bulldogs had a winning season, but Ken Rosemond's surprising young squad is now 5-1. The Bulldogs took the Triangle Classic in Raleigh, beating Yale 79-73 and North Carolina State 62-58. The

biggest reason for Georgia's success is 6'11" sophomore Center Bob Linnard. After beating the flu the day before, Linnard almost beat State single-handed. He hit six of 10 shots from the floor, made seven free throws, grabbed 23 rebounds and blocked 12 shots. "He's the most quotable player I've ever seen," says Rosemond. Kentucky beat Notre Dame 98-73 in Lexington.

The action in Miami Beach was a little too tough for visitors as Miami won the Mustangs Classic with a 60-50 victory over NYU. Tournament favorite Santa Clara lost in the first round when NYU and Adolfo Porras surprised the Broncos 93-88 in overtime. Gianni Perrotta collected 30 points, seven in the extra period, to lead the Vipers. The other southern visitor, Dartmouth, was defeated 60-40 by Miami, then 77-69 by Santa Clara in the consolation game.

In Jacksonville, at the Glazer Bowl tournament, the northwester and the westerners fired a lot better. Defending champion Florida was knocked out in the opening round by St. Joseph's of Philadelphia 99-69, and Washington took care of Mississippi State 92-88 after almost blowing a 17-point halftime lead. In the championship game St. Joseph's edged the Huskies 74-74.

Duke Coach Vic Bubas gave Mike Lewis the O.K. to shoot anytime he wanted to before the season began, and against Wake Forest Lewis was wild. He made 15 points, hitting 11 of 22 from the floor, during the Blue Devils won 103-76. "I've never going to tell him to quit shooting now," smirked an elated Bubas after the game.

## THE SOUTHWEST | HOUSTON (15-0) 2, OKLAHOMA CITY (8-0) 3, NEW MEXICO STATE (10-0)

Before the first game of the All-Sports Classic in Dallas, Western Kentucky Coach John Oldham produced that for his team to beat Oklahoma City through the season's first big meeting. Bob Shuckley, center, took man 15-19 Russ Crisfield. Despite the presence of a goodly number of red-shirted waiting Kentuckians, Oldham's team failed to stop either. Crisfield got 31 points and Proudy 28 and 19 rebounds. Still, the Toppers scored their second upset in two nights by sweeping the incoming Big 12 champions 25 points and Wayne Chapman's 24. Western had advanced to the finals by surprising Indiana 110-96 with Chapman, the tournament's Most Valuable Player, gathering 42 points. Led, cheered by its fanbase, Hart Hard that had scored 1,800 miles, held off SMU in a first-round game 88-84 as Crisfield collected 33 points, hitting 15 for 25 from the floor. In the consolation game, host SMU got its revenge over the visiting Kingsmen of Indiana 90-84, dropping points for a 100-84 victory. Houston, who had

stopped by on their way to the Rose Bowl.

Oklahoma City took the nation's oldest holiday tournament when it defeated Brigham Young 51-40 in the Maholi Classic. The Chiefs' Rick Truitt had BYU's defenders throwing up their hands in frustration and looking to the bench for aid as he made 20 of 25 field goals, averaging 10.5 points, 45 points.

It was a good week for New Mexico schools. New Mexico State attended to Jonestown for the Jefferson State, Tennessee and brought home the trophy. New Mexico visited home and won its own Lobo Invitational for the third straight year, defeating Rhode Island 75-62.

## THE WEST | UTAH (18-0) 2, CALIFORNIA (16-1) 3, UTAH (16-1)

The most athletic holiday tournament since its inception in 1970 is the Ho-Ho-Ho Classic. The Utah State team, led by a young on to defeat North Texas State 45-43 in the final game of the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu. The Commodores were held in their lowest point total of the year and the Big 1, Elton Hayes, had only 12. Ohio State also took its undefeated record to some Hawaii and came back with two surprise losses. Marquette struck first, beating the Badgers 64-60. Then, after an OHSU win over Bradley, host Hawaii sent the Badgers home with an 80-60 victory. The 1971 tournament, however, also sent home with two defeats. Only a 72-71 victory by the Salt Lake City team kept the Bruins from being totally eliminated.

In Los Angeles it was a series. In the last I.A. Classic to be played the Bruins won their sixth consecutive title with a 104-71 victory over Wyoming before 14,918, the largest crowd ever to see a college game in the Sports Arena. After the Compaques had faced the Bruins in the SAC's regional last March and had lost by 49 points, Wyoming Coach Bill Stronig said, "I'm not sure we'll recover from Los Angeles." The Bruins' success was a product of a 1-2-3 zone, double-teamer Alondra in front and back. It worked fairly well as Lee got only 20 points and 21 rebounds, but the rest of the Lions killed the Compaques. Ivor Shuckledore led the attack, collecting 25 points and made the coach look like a tactical error. "You sit there and think that Shuckledore can't make any other shot, and I'm done," he closed. "I" remarked Stronig between halves.

In the early rounds UCLA had no trouble with Minnesota, 95-55, and St. Louis, 106-67. Wyoming barely got by 104-79. 36 minutes of a game was a considerable amount of time before defeating Iowa, 94-87. Four earlier had upset Tennessee 64-59.

Texas A&M upset twice to win Seattle's Eggen Tournament, beating the Chieftains 93-72 and San Francisco 77-75.



Alondra Lee is up in Dallas, Wayne Chapman scores against Cal. He had 38 in the two games.

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASEBALL** **NBA** PHILADELPHIA's third-year stars game in a run to first in winning streak to nine and bounded into first place in the Eastern Division. In two league victories over Seattle, New Chamberlain scored 47 and 37 points, but the biggest win for the Sixers was a 111-121 rout of the Celtics. Best first-year effort: Boston's Sam Jones (20 points, 11-13 free throws, 10-14 field goals). Philadelphia's 111-104 win over the Celtics was the first time since 1961 that the team had won a game in the Eastern Division. The Sixers' 111-104 win over the Celtics was the first time since 1961 that the team had won a game in the Eastern Division.

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**FOOTBALL** **GREEN BAY** won the NFL championship by beating Dallas 21-17. The Packers' 21-17 win over the Cowboys was the first time since 1957 that the team had won a game in the National Football League. The Packers' 21-17 win over the Cowboys was the first time since 1957 that the team had won a game in the National Football League.

**COLLEGE** In head games preceding the Big Ten Championships, Michigan defeated the top team in the conference, Ohio State, 14-10.

completed 11 of 11 passes for 167 yards in halftime. The Packers' 21-17 win over the Cowboys was the first time since 1957 that the team had won a game in the National Football League. The Packers' 21-17 win over the Cowboys was the first time since 1957 that the team had won a game in the National Football League.

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# FACES IN THE CROWD



**VERA WANG**, a dressmaker at Sarah Lawrence College, finished last season's look to the North Atlantic. Wang's winning design was a dress with a high collar and a full skirt.



**PETE CHANTREL**, an Argentinean athlete, won the 1961 National Championships in the 100-meter dash. He finished with a time of 15.1 seconds.



**PAT COLE**, a member of the Cross Country Club, won the 1961 National Championships in the 100-meter dash. He finished with a time of 15.1 seconds.



**MIKE ISHAM**, an eighth-grader at St. Michael's school in Pittsburgh, won the 1961 National Championships in the 100-meter dash. He finished with a time of 15.1 seconds.



**RHONDA LAMB**, a senior coach at Manhattan High School, won the 1961 National Championships in the 100-meter dash. She finished with a time of 15.1 seconds.



**FARDUS MIR**, the current champion of the 100-meter dash, won the 1961 National Championships in the 100-meter dash. He finished with a time of 15.1 seconds.

## CREDITS

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## SPORTSMAN YAZ

Sir:

Never before can I remember a sports figure who so captivated this country as did Carl Yastrzemski during the past season (*Sportsman of the Year*, Dec. 25). The instant he stirred through his spirited, all-round play not only focused attention on him, but on his teammates and baseball, as well. In fact, early October sports pages saw the national pastime actually coming football for space.

With his new-found maturity Yaz outdid his superstar predecessor and became the leader of a team that typified the best in American sports. Both on and off the field, Carl has been a dedicated sportsman.

GARY GRAY

Reading, Mass.

## BAET FORDS

Sir:

Thank you very much for your article on Ford Motor Company's "let's go racing" policy (*Ford Come Flying*, Dec. 25). It shows that big businessmen aren't all cold and serious. I'd also like to compliment Ford for openly and wholeheartedly backing its competition program instead of quietly letting a Jim Hall or a Richard Petty do the job so that they can point to Chevy Chaparrals or Hertz Plymouths if they win and deny any factory affiliation if they lose. In my opinion Ford "has a better idea."

TONY WARD

Jackson, Calif.

Sir:

The work of Writer Bob Ottum and Photographer James Drake on the Ford race should go down as one of SI's top features of the year. Ottum really knew what he was writing about and, teamed with Drake's excellent photos, it is enough to make every Ford enthusiast proud. But it's going to take a real masterpiece to change this disheartened Chevy fan!

JOE FIDERICIO

Wentzler, R.I.

## VIVE LACOSTE!

Sir:

I just finished Jack Olsen's article, *The Dynasty Lacoste* (Dec. 18), and for the first time in my life realized where those golf shirts I have been wearing for years have come from. The article, like the shirts, is top-drawer. Being a golfer by nature, I found the explanation given by Catherine about the treatment the received at the hands of the touring golf pros quite revealing. It proved a point as to why the men on their tour receive so much more satisfaction and publicity. Their help and friendliness to new play-

ers is so much more in evidence than that sorely missing among the golf pros.

BILL ZISKIE

Minneapolis

## THE PILLAGE (CONT.)

Sir:

Robert Boyle's excellent article, *How to Stop the Pillage of America* (Dec. 11), points up the need for a governmental authority to guard our natural resources. I thoroughly agree with this recommendation and also with your recognition that we are trapped by the idea that technology and increasing economic growth can solve all problems.

The theory of "continuous" growth is contrary to everything we know of history, geology, archaeology, botany and biology. Animals, mountains, plants, cultures and civilizations are born, mature and die. The pattern of death is part of the rhythms of life. Hopefully we can grow wiser; but no person, place or thing can go on growing and growing forever.

Graphs cannot always climb toward the top of the chart. Population cannot possibly grow at the present rate for very long—a fact that finally seems to be sinking into popular consciousness. It's equally obvious that we cannot for long mine minerals, bulldoze land, cut trees and in general abuse the earth as we are doing now.

I think the American people are going to have to adjust to a harsh reality: this country must eventually stabilize, in a material sense. But this reality isn't really so harsh. If we stop growing richer perhaps we can then begin to grow spiritually, in harmony with all the earth and all its creatures.

WILLIAM J. DELLABRIST

Bloomington, N.J.

Sir:

*How to Stop the Pillage of America* is far and away the most comprehensive article I have read on the subject. Each proposal was relevant and, what is equally important, practical. Since we as a culture seem not to be able to have an "ecological conscience" or to empathize with what Schweitzer called a reverence for life, perhaps we can respond to the fact of the danger of our extinction. For surely if we continue to pollute the air and water, strip away the nonreplaceable resources, squander those that are "replaceable" and poison the land and water with long-lived toxins—in a word, rape the planet—we shall destroy ourselves.

Your report seemed lacking in only one thing: just a bow in the direction of what, to many of us, is faster to the multitude of sins we impose on the patient earth. And that, of course, is the explosive manner in which we are overpopulating it. I am sure

that this was a conscious omission. Surely opening that can of worms would have contributed little to what was a statement of the feasibility of conservation.

ROBERT GRAY

San Diego

Sir:

Finally I have read some ideas on what to do, not simply what to complain about. Congratulations for an up-to-date feature in the interest of conservation.

DAWAYNE SMITH

Miramonte, Calif.

Sir:

Your article gave some needed recognition to those who are working to save our streams, shores, forests and wildlife. It also sheds some light on the less-publicized dangers of thermal pollution and rangeland destruction. Let's continue to give support to those who protest pillage and promote conservation. As you say, solutions to these problems will depend on a majority of the people being concerned.

DAVID L. BOND

APO San Francisco

## DISVISION AND CONQUEST

Sir:

The NFL's present four-division setup is the most ridiculous and unfair arrangement in the history of organized sports. According to this stupid divisional arrangement, the Colts, after their tremendous season, are now only the seventh-best team in professional football, behind Green Bay, Dallas, Los Angeles, Cleveland and the two divisional winners in the AFL. As you know, the Colts beat Green Bay and Dallas, and their record is identical to that of Los Angeles. In the old two-division league Green Bay would be a third-place team, and the Colts and Los Angeles would have had a playoff.

As things stand now one of the teams in the NFL championship game, Dallas, has a 9-5 record, and the other team, Green Bay, has a 9-4-1 record. All this while the Colts, with their 11-1-2 record, are eliminated. The four-division arrangement must be abolished before another team is victimized.

WAYNE MARSHALL

Baltimore

## THE CAPTAIN

Sir:

Your article on Captain George Beaford and the huge marlin of the Canal Sea (*Some New Baiters Are Biting in the Canal Sea*, Dec. 18) brings to mind the tuna George, my wife and I simultaneously hung three big blue marlin off Fort Lauderdale.

It was mainly Captain Beaford who

continued



# FREE



This dramatic booklet on the Winter Games captures all the excitement of the world's most spectacular athletic event. Fully illustrated. Included is the schedule for the 1968 Winter Olympics to be held in Grenoble, France.

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